# Next Month

***and later***

### PITY THE POOR DRUGGIST!

*Louis Browdy*

There was a time when the profession of pharmacist or apothecary was an honored one. But if a young man should say to you today that he was going to make it his business, probably you would conjure a mental picture of the young man selling dollar books or lawn mowers or concocting chocolate sodas. Mr. Browdy has told well the melancholy saga of the "drug" store.

### THE MIRACLE IN GARY

*Bertram B. Fowler*

Miracles, when you find them, are usually in bright colors, picked out on surfaces made drab by the extremities of human suffering and privation. On such a drab surface, the unrelieved gray of economic distress in steelmaking Gary, Indiana, a group of negroes has worked such a pattern. The pattern is one of self-reliance based on the principles of consumer co-operation, an economic way of life which as it gathers strength is giving new life to the underprivileged throughout America.

### THE MENTAL UNDERWORLD

*Upton Sinclair*

The existence of the subconscious mind, discovered by Mesmer a century and a half ago, is still ignored, for the most part, by those who ought to be investigating it. Science, preoccupied with things which can be weighed and measured, has cast a stigma on research in mental phenomena by its neglect. But the mass of evidence leaves no doubt that many of the things on which science skeptically turns its back do take place. How they take place, the determination of the exact relationship of the physical to the mental, is what remains to be studied.

### OTHER FEATURES

"The Road Turns Back," in which the author describes his search for earthly paradise, by John P. Marquand; "Two Hours to Philadelphia," a short story, by John Stephenson; "The New Religion of Leisure," by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie; a new article by Nilla Cram Cook, who wrote that startling piece on "What Religion Means to Me," back in February; the story of the Dymaxion house — the mass-production home you may live in some day — by Janet Mabie.


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***and Century***

**HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor***


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# BOOKS: A CAUSERIE

## BY JONATHAN SCHNELL

Our own ornithology being of a purely literary nature, knowing only of nightingales from Keats, swallows from Swinburne, sparrows from Catullus, and ravens from Poe, we tried what seemed to us to be an informed as well as charming book (Birds in the Wilderness, by George Miksch Sutton; Macmillan, $3.50) on a real authority, and he was made as enthusiastic by it as we were. The author tells us that Poe did not know a thing about ravens except that they were large, dignified in manner, and black. We think the ghost of Poe sought vengeance on him for this impudent remark: when he tried to climb to a raven's nest he was unaccountably flung down fifty feet of a cliff, had his ribs and collarbones broken, and, lying in hospital, weak and weary, he heard a mutter of, "Nevermore!" In the end he confesses that Poe knew about the souls of ravens.

The author of *Birds in the Wilderness* must be a happy man, undisturbed by worldly ambitions and emotions, with his mind on nothing but birds. "Ornithologists," he confesses, "are not good conversationalists. They do not talk of anything but birds; and when they talk they must continually toss off such formidable terms as 'pileated,' 'semipalmated,' 'prothonotary,' 'flammulated,' and 'ferruginous.' This esoteric discourse is, to be sure, the result of headlong, childlike enthusiasm, never of ostentatiousness." We could do with even more of this discourse from the man who was the first to discover the hitherto unfound eggs of the Harris Sparrow; Dr. Sutton tells how he found them, with all the delight of a Tom Sawyer. But our hearts were wrenched at the disclosure that he shot the parent birds when he collected the eggs. He seems to have lived, eaten, and slept with birds.

Birds *in the Wilderness* is a happy book beside the account of fish life that we have in Salar the Salmon, by Henry Williamson (Little, Brown, $2.50), a book that gives us primeval tragedy. In it we are immersed in a world of waters, strangely pulled by the influence of the tides, and made to realize fearsomely that the major occupation of all things alive is passing life on to others. Salar the Salmon is born in a river pool, and when the time comes for him to start a new generation he returns to it from the depths of the ocean. When we read of his dangers and escapes and the consummation that leaves him all but lifeless, we wonder, maybe, if with the coming of the economic man and the planned state all the great passions will not retreat to river pools and the gills of salmon. This narrative, which combines natural history and a novel, is full of dramatic incidents. The facts are well-authenticated by both observation and learning. As in Henry Williamson's other book, the creature written about is given a name and a personality, and we sympathize with its struggles as we should in the case of a human being. It takes a great deal of originality and intensity to write a book like *Salar the Salmon*, as well as a strong undercurrent of poetic imagination.

We will remember the May flies in the salmon book longer than we will remember any character in Ever the Winds Blow, by Elliott Merrick (Scribner, $2.50). The author is a Scott Fitzgerald turned parson. But Elliott Merrick has none of the wild poetry that made *The Beautiful and Damned* and *The Great Gatsby*, for all their follies, memorable books, which made the public that read them younger-generation conscious. The young persons in *Ever the Winds Blow* make the solemn discovery that there is no future in petting parties and that they'd better get to work and introduce a little ruggedness into life. Sally won't take father's checks and goes off and works in a department store (we hope she didn't do some real working girl out of a job). Henry first goes to sea, then drives a pie wagon. We leave them married, laboring on a farm, and bringing up a family. Still, with all this, the author seems to us to be a bit overdazzled by the handsomeness, the clothes, and the assurance of girls whose fathers have large bank accounts and by the multimillionaire existence generally. When Scott Fitzgerald wrote about this life he filled it with young persons who flung roses, roses riotously with the throng. But now there seem to be no more roses, and the riotousness has become tame; in other words, romance and poetry have tapered out of younger-generation representatives, and a moralist has come among the petters and the cocktail drinkers. And yet we do not feel that Sally and Henry have grown up, even though we leave them working on a farm and rearing a family.

But in a novel that has come out of the South there are convincing people. This is Margaret Mitchell's Gone With the Wind (Macmillan, $2.50). It is as long as a Tom Wolfe novel, almost as long as a Joyce novel. But it is not a psychological study or a philosophical discourse or a revelation of the subconscious. It is a plain novel, almost of the kind that Trollope wrote, without any of the newfangled tricks of the trade in it; indeed, we shouldn't be surprised to hear that the last novel the author read was *Vanity Fair* or *Barchester Towers*. Like many that have come out of the South, this is a novel about the Civil War. But it makes the war seem a real, serious war, with almost the effect of overthrowing a culture (from reading some of the other southern novelists we had got to believe that it was a sort of frame-up to show the savage Yankees how civilized the South was). Miss Mitchell's book gives the impression that it was written by one who had really been through the war, was personally affected by the events and battles, but yet had kept some perspective about people and happenings.

There is a whole populace in the book, an array of characters with a definite background, against which they go on living and changing for years and years. The author, however, tends to make the salient conversations between her people of inordinate length: take, for instance, the scene between the Becky Sharpe heroine, Scarlett O'Hara, and the dissolute and discredited Rhett Butler, to whom she goes while he is in prison, hoping to get him to marry her before he is hanged, so that she may inherit his money. The scene is dramatic and subtle; it is pathetic in sudden, lifelike ways, as when, in spite of her grand clothes, he sees her ungloved hands and recognizes the marks of toil in the fields. But it is too long, although it is hard to say what passages could be cut with advantage. One gets very little of the idle, gallant, romantic southern life out of this fine book; these are hard-working people, provincials full of middle-class genteelness, who were beaten in war just because they didn't know the outside world.

Summer Will Show, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking, $2.50), is another novel dealing with an historical epoch, but the author, though a more accomplished writer, is not as good a novelist as the author of *Gone With The Wind*. Margaret Mitchell gives the impression that she has lived through the events in her book; Sylvia Townsend Warner, that she has produced a "period" novel as one produces a "period" room, by assembling all the characteristic appurtenances and arranging them with art and skill. Her period is fourteen years before the Civil War, the period of young Queen Victoria of England and the Citizen King of France, the period of the *Communist Manifesto* and the beginning of machine civilization.

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## Books

As a reconstruction of this period, *Summer Will Show* is extremely interesting reading. But there is something lacking in the relationships of the personages to each other; there is no reason why Mr. Willoughby's wife and his mistress should like each other at all, except that Miss Warner wills it; there is no reason why Mr. Willoughby should ever have been in love with Minna; there is no reason why the people at Minna's party should be there; and, especially, there is no reason why they should listen to Minna's long yarn about her childhood in a Lithuanian forest; there is no reason why Minna should be a harlot, except that Miss Warner will have her so. But, when all this is said, the people, especially Sophia Willoughby, have an odd life of their own: what one remembers about the heroine is the things she thinks to herself; they are full of penetrating wisdom, as when she realizes that devotion and love are different things and that, though she was devoted to her children, she did not love them. Then there is a curious sophistication about the book, a lonely, provincial sophistication; and provincial sophistication is the only kind that is really interesting.

SEVERAL of the month's novels are what might be called historical novels of various types. Yet it is difficult to know whether to call SANFELICE, by Vincent Sheean (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a novel or a history. The author has all the interests and many of the talents of an historian: in fact, many pages of this book are written not as fiction or fictionized history but as spirited history of the kind that Francis Hackett gives us in his biographies. *Sanfelice* is an interesting book. It deals with the revolution that for a while turned the Kingdom of Naples into the Republic of Parthenope, the republic that had Horatio Nelson and Emma Hamilton for its leading opponents. Eighteenth-century Naples, with its Bourbon Court, its lazzaroni, its revolutionaries, is put before us through the fortunes of a noble family, the Sanfelice. The whole tone of the book is historical, but its characters conduct themselves as if they belonged to romance. It is the sort of book, call it history or call it romance, that is bound to make an appeal to the young —it deals with a romantic place in a romantic period and with romantic people and yet it gives the sense of actual happenings.

DAISY, Princess of Pless's WHAT I LEFT UNSAID (Dutton, $3.50) is also history, with the grave air of the historian left out. In her gay, wise, trivial book, all the people who were great and highly placed before the War pass through the pages — kings and emperors, generals and statesmen. The descendant of belted Nor-


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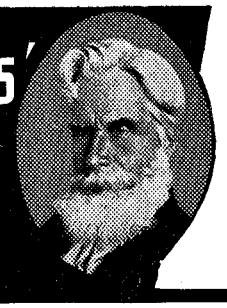

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# Books

man barons, mostly Norman-Irish, she married a German Serene or Hereditary Highness (we don't know which) and she gives the impression of being just European rather than of any particular nationality. She has a cool, aristocratic frankness and assurance and can use her tongue and her pen with ease and effect unrestrained by bourgeois prejudices or bourgeois genteelnesses. With the sort of charm and intelligence that are characteristic of the upper-class European woman and with an unusual experience of people, she can give clear and witty side judgments on the people who ruled Europe immediately before the War — the Czar, the Kaiser, German statesmen, British statesmen. "I fear," she says, "that in Germany it will be many a long day before they outlive the delusion that King Edward the Seventh willed the great war." And it will be many a long day in other countries before they outlive the delusion that the Kaiser willed the great war. There is in the book a series of letters which form a remarkable little drama and a real revelation of male psychology. They are from a man who was in love with her in that Platonic mode not uncommon in those days. In December, 1901, he is "madly fond of her"; in December, 1905, she is still his "golden-haired angel"; but in February, 1908, she is "dear old thing" — which is ominous; for a couple of months afterward she is "my dear Princess Daisy," and he becomes "very sincerely" hers — for he is about to marry a young person named Gabrielle — it is as good as a story by Somerset Maugham.

Among the statesmen she knew were some of the makers of the Treaty of Versailles, and among these was General Smuts, the first volume of whose biography is before us: General Smuts, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Little, Brown, $3.50). "Smuts could not be expected," she says, "fully to comprehend the age-old complexities of Europe." Jan Smuts, it will have to be admitted, did not comprehend them, but to the South African English, anyway, he is a great statesman. An election year is perhaps a good time to read the biography of a statesman of a democracy, a statesman of the modern, up-to-date kind, a compromiser, a politician, and an idealist. From this biography we somehow gather the information that politics is the art of the possible and that Jan Smuts never bothered himself very much with the impossible. He seems always to have had a shrewd instinct for the winning side: he began by being a follower of Cecil Rhodes; then when Kruger became important in South Africa he threw in his lot with him and fought against the British; then when the Boers were defeated he accepted the situation and took office under British domination. He used his prestige at Versailles to back up heavy penalties on Germany; he was not much of a world statesman — but now we know there were *no* world statesmen in 1918. This life of him makes us remember De Wet and Beyers and their lost cause and the Boer farmer who, when things were being straightened out and cleaned up and made very Imperial, said, "Give me back my own dunghill."

This volume is interesting, and the second, we suppose, will deal with Smuts's after-war activities. Perhaps it will explain why this philosopher-statesman lays such a heavy hand on the native, the labor groups, and the extreme South African nationalists. Is he an opportunist merely or is he something better?

Among the other books that might be described as required reading for election year is The Discussion of Human Affairs, by Charles A. Beard (Macmillan, $1.75). This is a short but pregnant volume, only one hundred twenty-four pages, and the reading and understanding of it would do a great deal to clear up the deeper confusions in the discussion of human affairs that we perpetually engage in. Just how much forecasting or preparing for events to come is humanity capable of? Professor Beard discusses this question in a very realistic and upsetting manner. In a democracy we assume that a voter's reason for favoring a candidate will have some effect on events to come. But what actually happens? We voted for Mr. Wilson because he "kept us out of war" and we voted for Mr. Hoover and a "continuance of prosperity" but we immediately got into the War and immediately lost our prosperity. Perhaps the best way of describing *The Discussion of Human Affairs* is to say that it is a sort of disinfectant, a disinfectant most useful in the study or on the platform to prevent our being affected by the biases or wish fulfillments that beset us in every discussion of human affairs.

But if readers are very set upon trying to understand economics there is a bulky volume by Professor W. H. Kiekhofer called Economic Principles, Problems, and Policies (Appleton-Century, $5.00) which might go on their shelf. We passed out ourselves after stewing through the chapter called "On the Credit System of Exchange" but we recognized that as a description of what goes on in the world of production, exchange, and consumption this book is very complete. Again and again Professor Kiekhofer tells us that economic conditions are the creation of human societies and human societies can change them. A book like this shows us that present-day economists are willing to take us into a less rigid world than Karl Marx believed in.

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# OUR ROSTRUM

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

"MODERN PIONEERS" OR "IS ALMA JOHNSON REALLY JAMES A. FARLEY?"

To the Editor:

. . . "A Farm Woman Battles the Depression," in the July FORUM, is more than an heroic story of the pioneer spirit in our own times. Its greater tragedy is apparent in what the document omits. There is not a murmur of protest or an inkling of economic intelligence in it. . . . The whole story is more heartbreaking than its author ever imagined. . . .

GEORGE SELDES
*Brook Hollow Farm*
*Woodstock, Vt.*

To the Editor:

It never entered my head that the American pioneer spirit had been lost. Mrs. Johnson's letter could be duplicated literally by the millions if it were not for the fact that few individuals have learned to express themselves as eloquently as she has.

The pity of it is that her suffering and frustration were and are completely unnecessary. . . .

. . . . . .

HAROLD LOEB
*Director*
*National Survey of Potential Product Capacity*
*New York, N. Y.*

To the Editor:

. . . I have always been under the impression that one had to have at least a minimum of literary ability to have an article accepted by a reputable publication and I should call Mrs. Johnson's English and general syntax very mediocre. [*See 1st paragraph of Mr. Loeb's letter above. — Ed.*] Granted, she has been energetic and resourceful, but there were only two of them. Surely two people can coax a livelihood out of the most reluctant soil. [*Surely Mrs. Johnson & husband have; and "reluctant" may be an understatement. — Ed.*] . . .

. . . . . .

B. H. L.
*Newington, Conn.*

To the Editor:

The paper . . . seems so evidently the product of some male politician that I am surprised that either Mrs. Roosevelt or you should think it the product of a woman who had gone through the experiences there related. I think it would have been more creditable to THE FORUM to have called Mrs. Roosevelt's attention to the earmarks of a fake in the whole tone of the so-called letter and told her that it seemed unwise to give publicity to it. The baby this politician gave birth to when forty years old, after four days and eighteen hours' labor, is probably this paper which you have published in THE FORUM. . . .

FRANK LEVERETT
*Ann Arbor, Mich.*

*Remarkably, Mrs. Johnson is actually Mrs. Johnson. Her photograph (genuine) appeared in "Toasts" in our July issue. She had no ghost writer. — Ed.*

STATE MEDICINE AND THE A.M.A.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . I wish to call especially to your attention statements made in Mr. [James] Rorty's article ["Medicine's Horse and Buggy," July FORUM] which make it appear that the Michigan State Medical Society and the California Medical Association are entirely out of sympathy with the official attitude of the American Medical Association pertaining to compulsory sickness insurance. . . . Neither of these State medical organizations is opposed to the policies of the American Medical Association with respect to compulsory sickness insurance. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . The figures which he has quoted pertaining to costs for medical care . . . are based on estimates, and are not in agreement with figures arrived at by other investigators. . . .

. . . Mr. Rorty refers to an article which appeared in the *Bulletin of the American Medical Association* in November, 1933, in a manner intended to indicate that the *Bulletin* had deliberately misrepresented the views of Sir Henry Brackenbury. . . . Possibly two of the opening paragraphs of the article written by Sir Henry were omitted in the *Bulletin* article. . . . When it came to my attention that *two* persons had criticized the *Bulletin* for the omission . . . the entire article . . . was published in the *Bulletin*. . . .

Any statement . . . that the American Medical Association is controlled by "medical politicians who in turn tend to exploit the economic prejudices and ignorance and the more or less chronic distress of the average doctor" is nothing more nor less than falsification.

. . . . . .

OLIN WEST, M.D.
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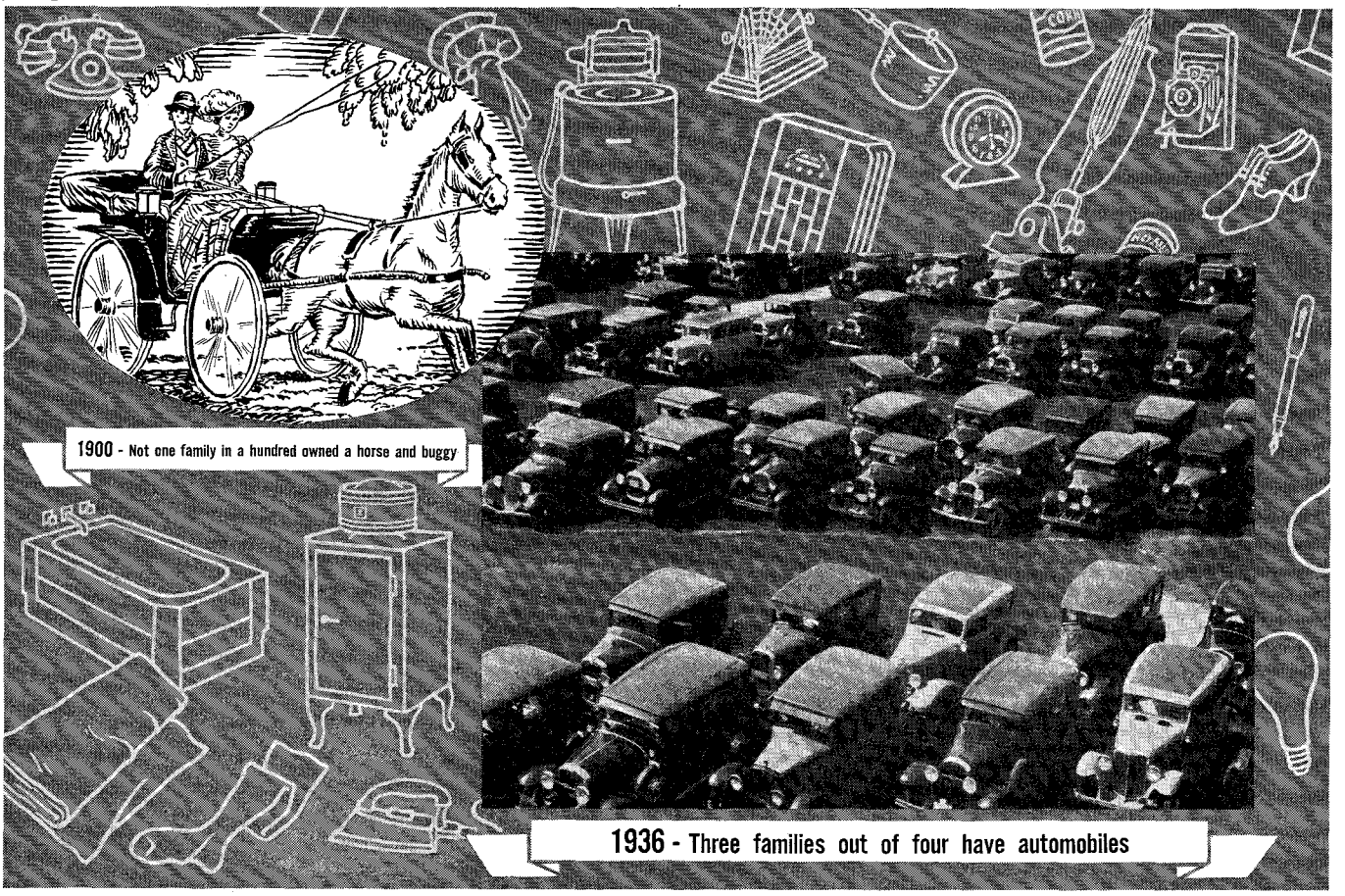


# More Goods for More People

IN 1900, not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy; today, three out of four have cars. One family in thirteen had a telephone; now, one family in two. In 1900, modern plumbing and central heating were luxuries—less than 500,000 homes had electricity—radio and electric refrigeration were unknown. Today, 21 million homes are wired; 7 million families own electric refrigerators; 22 million have radio receivers.

In 1921, a MAZDA lamp cost 45 cents; it now costs 15 cents. You receive 80 per cent more light for your dollar because of greatly increased lamp efficiency and a lower average electric rate for the home. General Electric research developed these lower-cost lamps, helped devise more economical ways of generating and distributing electricity—to bring better light to more people at less cost.

Today, electricity is vital to industry, for the manufacture of most goods—from bathtubs to textiles, foods to furnaces—to meet the increasing needs and the purses of millions. In this progress, G-E research and engineering have ever been in the forefront. And still, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, General Electric scientists continue the search for new knowledge—from which come savings, new industries, increased employment, more goods for more people.

**G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric**

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F O R U M

*and Century*

AUGUST, 1936 VOL. XCVI, NO. 2

# Humanizing Machines—I

## The Rust Cotton Picker

### *Editorial Foreword*

Some economic inequalities of our day are due to the erratic ownership of machinery. The man who owns a machine can perform the work of many men. When a government monopolizes machines it has a tremendous political advantage. We have just seen how the Fascists with their mechanized war overcame the Ethiopians with their superior patriotism. A few years ago a British publicist visited the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. in the same year. "These two countries," he said, "are alike in their worship of the machine. The difference is the Americans have all the machines and the Russians haven't any." Since then the Soviets have been busy repairing that discrepancy, and the mechanization of U.S.S.R. in communal ownership is setting up one of the most powerful units in human society.

In a democracy, in America, the problems of machine ownership and technological unemployment are far more complicated than in the simple totalitarian setup of U.S.S.R. and the Italian "Empire." In our free-for-all society each new laborsaving device gives us a new social headache. We listen jealously to lecturers from India who recommend a return to the simple life, to hand labor and religious meditation. Yet we know that Gandhi is not the way of progress; that it is our duty to find the techniques that will make each advance in machinery a blessing for the average citizen rather than a curse.

#### A New Profession

In his important address at the General Motors dinner at the World Fair in Chicago two years ago Dr. Glenn Frank said that the captains of industry were not responsible for the depression. They had done their part in bringing production to the highest peak in history. The fault lay with the social scientists who had failed to adjust distribution and consumption. Dr. Frank did not name these social scientists. Subsequent failure of my inquiry to locate these men led to skepticism about their existence until I met Dr. Max Ascoli of the New School for Social Research in New York. He explained to me that social science does exist and has for some time been on the job, that it has codified programs for all problems of consumption and distribution and the correction of technological unemployment. This information, it seems, is all available in books so that any captain of industry who runs may also read. It is not the function of the scientist to be an executive, nor to act as a missionary to backward industrial management.

Where is the hitch? What is lacking seems to



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be a professional group whose business it is to communicate the findings of the social science "laboratory" to the industrial executive and the factory. The industries already have their physical laboratories in which experiments are worked out rather abstractly, later to be applied concretely to manufacture. It is evident that the findings of the social laboratories must also be recognized and means devised to apply them to the problem of diminishing labor as well as increasing production. To be successful a modern business executive must now also be socially as well as industrially minded.

Among plain businessmen, quite apart from government regimentation there is happily growing a spontaneous awareness of the necessity of social alertness. Numerous successful experiments in important manufacturing plants are going on rather quietly here and there throughout the country. In a later FORUM we shall comment on the happy operation of the Kellogg six-hour day. In the present issue we introduce the problem of the Rust Cotton Picker.

### THE RUST BOYS

IN MEMPHIS, Tennessee, two brothers, John and Mack Rust, have invented a cotton picker which, it is claimed, will do the work of seventy-five farm laborers. The South is next year to be confronted with this new invention, the use of which may throw additional thousands out of employment. The New Deal and better prices for cotton have helped the South to a greater measure of prosperity than it has enjoyed since the Civil War. One group, however, has not found its lot materially better. It is the cotton pickers and small-share cotton owners. The little fellow is still oppressed with low wages. The fate of the sharecropper is one of the most difficult of our national problems. These people are now organizing into trade unions to fight the large owners and are threatening the deterioration of crops by striking for living wages. Various plans for this wretched rural population have of course been propounded. The most ambitious program is for the government to grant small free-hold farms for a low initial payment — or even on the basis of character or promise to work.

Now, added to this unsolved farm-labor situation, comes the menace of a cotton-picking machine which threatens to drive hand labor from the cotton fields. The lot of these people will be worse rather than better than before. But a new situation has arisen. The inventors of the cotton picker are socially minded. They are apparently of the same type of mind as our friend, a clergyman, who was also an inventor and became suddenly rich from the royalties on his patents but insisted on continuing his simple life and devoting the proceeds of his genius to a religious foundation and the dissemination of philosophical literature. The inventors of the cotton picker refuse to sell their machine commercially until they are assured that society will be protected from more technological unemployment. But they have not time to read up on Dr. Ascoli's library of social science. They are urging social scientists to send them ideas that will solve the unknown social quantities in their equations of technical success.

One of the by-products of the social inquiry of these Rust boys is the Delta Co-operative Farm in Mississippi. The deed for this farm was signed in March with funds raised by Dr. Sherwood Eddy. Diversified crops are to be produced here collectively. It is proposed to lease some of the pickers to this co-operative undertaking. The Rusts also see no objection to leasing the machine for use in Russia, where all agriculture is communal.

The Rust boys are still open to suggestions from the American public. Another principle of theirs is that they and no other executive connected with the use of the picker shall receive a salary greater than ten times the lowest wage paid.

Our own suggestion is that co-operating societies be formed of groups of cotton croppers and that these societies rent the Rust pickers and offer the services of the machines to the cotton planters. With one sharecropper representing seventy-five by running the machine, the other seventy-four workers "thrown out of work" would have the time and dividends to provide schools for their children, hospitals, and sanitation and to offer their own hand labor in diversified agriculture and other auxiliary services. Under competent leadership a co-operative community of sharecroppers would gradually jack itself up in its standard of cleanliness and living.

Henry Goddard Leach



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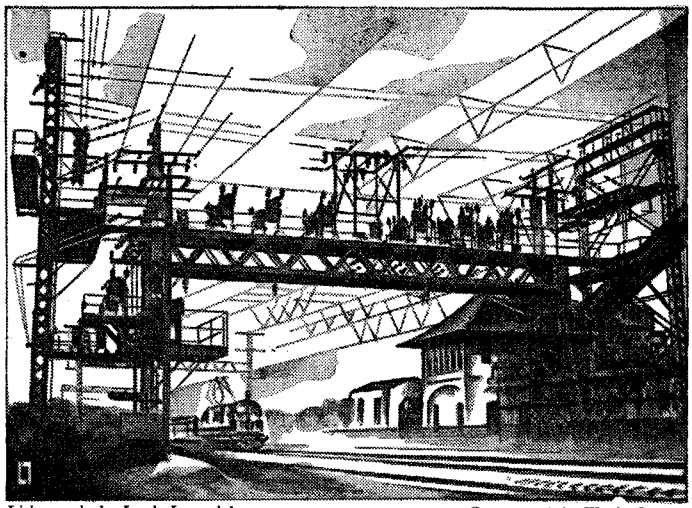
# LOW-PRICE TECHNICS Can Remake America



*Lithographs by Louis Lozowick* *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

***by* J. GEORGE FREDERICK**

A FEW YEARS ago a well-known New York department store, with a hundred years of background, failed, and was taken over by some westerners. Examining an inventory, the new managers discovered a stock of alpaca of a sort which had been in vogue forty or fifty years ago. "Have you been running a museum?" inquired the new merchandising man impolitely.

"Oh," responded one of the old executives, dropping his voice reverently, "the alpaca is for Mrs. Van Rhinebilt. She comes in several times a year for it, and naturally we make every effort to hold the trade of anyone with her prominence and social position. It helps keep our reputation high class. Of course she'll pay anything we ask for the alpaca."

"Well, throw it out," said the new man briskly.

The other made inarticulate sounds of protest.

"Look here," said the merchandising man, "don't you realize that business doesn't follow the carriage trade any more — if it ever did? If you were running a Ford agency on Broadway, would you keep a horse and buggy in stock to hold the trade of Mr. Astorbilt? If you did, you wouldn't have your agency long. Ford found out a long time ago that there is no money in selling high-priced merchandise to the wealthy. You can have your society custom if you leave me the trade of the middle-class women. Why? Because there are so many more of them and they buy standard units of merchandise. Because they buy more quickly and pay sooner. I'll bet it takes four clerks two hours to sell Mrs. Van Rhinebilt her alpaca — and twelve months to collect her bill. If she persists in coming around we may have to pay her to trade somewhere else!"

This merchandising man was right. With every day that passes it becomes increasingly clear that the progressive lowering of prices on so-called standard units of merchandise is the soundest method of economic betterment that we are ever likely to know. Low-price technics, both of manufacture and of distribution (and low-rate interest and capitalization as well), represent the one stony but sure road to wider distribution of wealth and production and, thus, the general national welfare.

This is at last a statement which rises well above the welter of partisan politics and conflicting economic theory, so wearisomely plentiful in recent years. It is the one gold nugget of reality to be found remaining in the hot crucible of economic discussion and costly



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experiment, after the fire of experience has burned off the dross and slag. Ex-President Hoover and others of opposing political faiths are in agreement with it. In his Fort Wayne address in April, 1936, Mr. Hoover said:

> There is but one road to recovery. Fictitious values must come down. Wild stock promotion must be liquidated. Wreckage must be cleared away. Get-rich-quick ideas must evaporate. . . . Costs must be reduced, that prices may be reduced and thus more people can buy. Thereby there is more consumption, more production, more jobs. It takes time. It takes patience. It takes courage. Losses are inevitable.

In the middle, nonpartisan position on the political scale is Harold G. Moulton, President of the Brookings Institution, who says that after extensive economic research it seems demonstrated that there are in reality but two choices: (1) raising wages or (2) reducing prices. He favors the latter, since higher wages aid only a very limited portion of the community, whereas lower prices benefit all. Furthermore, they *should* (barring the obstructions of monopoly) come about in the ordinary course of capitalistic economics.

Toward the left are many other leaders and economists, including New Dealers, who also see that, in so far as manufactured goods are concerned at any rate, the surest road to wider prosperity is low-price technics. Somewhat sadly they have deserted — or have been forced to abandon — various more gaudy alternatives.

To an incredible degree most of us (Hoover and the New Dealers included) have been blind to this stubborn fact. We have put our faith in one or another magic ointment and waited vainly for the quick cure; waited vainly for a magic transition taking us back to the fabulous 'twenties. But no matter what mystic economic grease we rubbed upon our sores or how we yearned for a return of the exhilarating, dear departed days, the sores have persisted. There has been no escape from the grim realities of the family budget, upon which frail mechanism, to be successful, any solution must support itself.

## II

When Mr. Sloan of General Motors and many other entirely worthy and well-meaning businessmen speak of the allure of new technical marvels to come, new inventions and new scientific discoveries which are to stimulate industry as did once the automobile, the oil burner, and others, they mention television, air conditioning, modern steel homes, and so forth and they are thinking in a perfectly businesslike way of the hope of selling these things — to the people *who can afford* to buy them.

And who are these? In 1929 they were the 2,204,726 people who had incomes of $3,000 a year or more, a number about equal to the population of just one big American city — say, Philadelphia and environs. Most of our businessmen have the fixed habit of thinking in such terms. They dream of some new article, of selling it at a good profit, and of "cleaning up." Their eyes are upon those two and a quarter millions of people who constituted the "spending class" in 1929 but who are now reduced to a much lower number — 1,059,602 in 1932, a reduction of half, but possibly increased since to one and a half millions. (In 1934 there were 419,471 people with incomes over $5,000, and the Treasury estimates that in 1936 these will number 586,768.)

During these difficult years much serious economic thinking has been done by a minority of businessmen, and the scales are falling from their eyes. They see that there has been a great deal of makeshift, lazy drifting with the tide of economics and only a minimum of fundamental business thinking. The machine age's swift pace and the stimulus of World War inflation had encouraged business to follow the easy path of skimming the cream and cultivating the high spots. Goods were produced at uneconomic cost levels and sold at very wide margins to the easy-spending class — until the cream skimmers crowded each other so hard that there was no more cream to divide. Then, lacking the courage, vision, ability, or capital to travel the harder road to low-price technics, to reach the great mass markets, they fell to chiseling, price cutting, cheating, speculating, manipulating finances, unsound installment selling, exaggerating, and other hectic methods — until these too were of no more avail; and then we had the inevitable collapse.

It is very difficult to wean business away from this old and now rutted glory road — particularly businessmen of the eastern States, whose traditional attitude is unfriendly to



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low-price technics. It was no mere accident that Henry Ford and his low-price technics originated in the Middle West, and that he and the eastern bankers sniff at each other somewhat disdainfully. Nor is it an accident that the automobile industry, which has so brilliantly applied low-price technics, is centered in the West. The more typical eastern capitalists have never taken very naturally or enthusiastically to low-price technics. They fundamentally distrust the small-profit, rapid-turnover, low-price concept of business, with the masses for customers. They prefer the high-price, long-term credit, class market, because that is the European concept, to which they are still nearest in spirit. They are not adaptable enough to relish the risk of obsolescence after having invested the large capital necessary for mass production at low profit. Morgan the elder and his steel associates were made most uncomfortable by the tactics of Carnegie, the Middle Westerner who so rapidly changed from old steelmaking processes; and Morgan's typical eastern thought was to buy Carnegie out and "stabilize" the steel industry by removing the menace of low-price technics. Which he did, in forming the U. S. Steel Corporation, and at once proceeded to keep steel prices almost uniform for twenty years, while Germany took the lead, technically. Now, new competitive processes and low prices again "menace" the steel trust.

## III

THE END of the road for the old point of view seems now to have arrived; we are at the beginning of a very definite period of low-price technics; there appears no other way out. America is obviously moving toward new class groupings, with strong likelihood that never again will there be such sharply marked divisions. The outlook is for a much greater number of people in the middle income levels and relatively fewer wealthy or poor. Political pressure is now being applied to end the era of a 71-per-cent mass of families below the $2,500-a-year level, and from the farsighted business point of view this is not only social advance but business opportunity — if low-price technics are applied.

Even in 1934 people with incomes less than $5,000 a year received 89.6 per cent of the national income. Less than 1 per cent went to people with incomes over $100,000 a year. Only 32 people had $1,000,000 incomes, as against 513 in 1929. There were twice as many $1,000,000 incomes in 1914 as in 1934. The very wealthy are notoriously poor patrons of ordinary American business; their homes are full of goods that never turned an American factory wheel, and they spend a lot of money abroad.

Obviously the great consumption field in America lies in the lower income brackets; obviously there is far less sense than ever in looking to the well-to-do for the business of today and tomorrow. The trend of American incomes is definitely toward the middle, in the $2,000- to $5,000-a-year brackets, fewer proportionately in the higher brackets, fewer in the lower brackets. We are even now a vast middle-class democracy. And, equally obviously, if any business other than the production of common necessities is to be done with the people of these middle income brackets, it must be done in the same manner that the automobile industry has done it — by bold low-price technics. An American family with an income of $2,000, living in city or town, has an exceedingly narrow margin, if any, left after buying the "decent" necessities. It is forced to do without a great many of the things so eagerly offered for sale by business. It is even forced to buy the cheapest, lowest grades of necessities, which in itself is a waste of substance, as it encourages irresponsible manufacture and dangerous standards. A great deal of the faulty manufacture, the chiseling, the child labor, the sweatshop operation, the dangerous adulteration, and the cheating and lying in business is done by concerns (both manufacturing and retailing) which cater to the pitifully narrow budgets of families unable to afford high-quality goods of reputable concerns. These families desperately need the help of brilliant, able, honest businessmen who will apply low-price technics and enable them to get the things they need at the price level they can afford.

## IV

WHAT, PRECISELY, are low-price technics? Often they are confused with mild price reductions of a routine kind. They are, however, very decidedly different, and the difference arises from the fact that in true low-price



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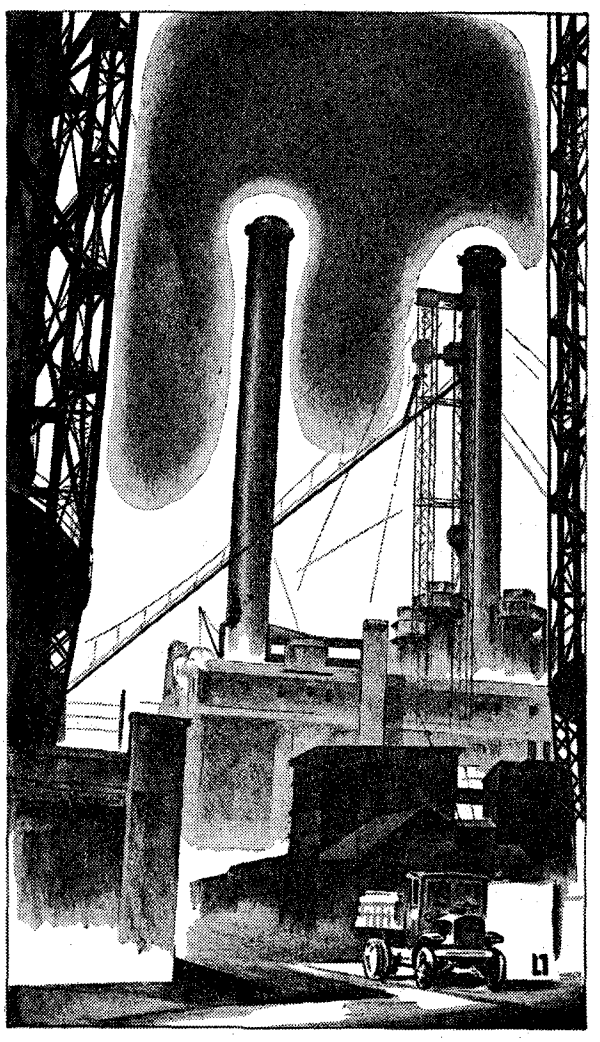
technics the price is absolutely the central hub of policy making. It shapes all activity and rules all operations; is, in fact, the *raison d'être* of the whole enterprise. The Ford Company had a gradual, experimental evolution, by an individualistic, intuitive genius; in more modern practice its plans are worked out in complete detail in advance, with the help of both marketing and product research and with scientific management generally.

The best way to describe low-price technics is to cite an actual instance where they have been applied. An excellent one is in the field of furniture making, which has long been a glaring example of a high-price, high mark-up, confused industry, with a product of uncertain quality, slow turnover, long credit, and antique production methods. Furthermore it has been a good illustration of how a backward industry loses out, in the family budget, to an industry which actively applies low-price technics. Millions of Americans of the 71-per-cent class which has had less than $2,500-a-year income have chosen to buy automobiles instead of furniture. Streamlined cars with hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and shatterproof glass stand outside the homes of such families, while inside the house the family sits on creaking chairs of ancient lineage and greasy coverings, bought on the installment plan twenty years ago!



A certain alert group in the furniture field, sickening of the utter deadness of the industry, decided a year or two ago to apply modern low-price technics. The first step, was, properly, to study consumer need and attitude. What price could and would millions of families consider a bargain for a set of furniture? What design would they prefer? What pieces would be most useful? Very complete consumer and market researches were made; consumers in large numbers were given an opportunity to express themselves. The result was agreement upon a 3-piece bedroom suite of good quality, in modernistic design, to sell for $69.50. That price for such an item was arresting. Indeed it had never been thought possible. It would most certainly be welcomed by large numbers of families.

The problem now passed into the production realm. Up to this time, the firm, quite properly, had not paid any attention to the production problem involved. Low-price technics begin and have their center of gravity in the *consumer*, not the factory.

The conservative factory men shook their heads and pursed their lips. It was a salesman's hope, a research man's aspiration, a consumer's dream of Santa Claus. There were dozens of reasons why it couldn't be done. But the makers and designers of woodworking machinery and the lumber experts were called in, together with the most brilliant specialists in production engineering — men who had *not* been in the furniture field before and were therefore without fixed ideas. New woods were found which had beauty of grain and strength even greater than the conventional woods, and there were new automatic machines designed to cut it and fabricate the furniture. One by one, every element in the plan was worked out, precosting as the plan developed, and in the end there was set up an absolutely new assembly-line factory (entirely specializing on one furniture item), utilizing every known mass-production device. The final result was the



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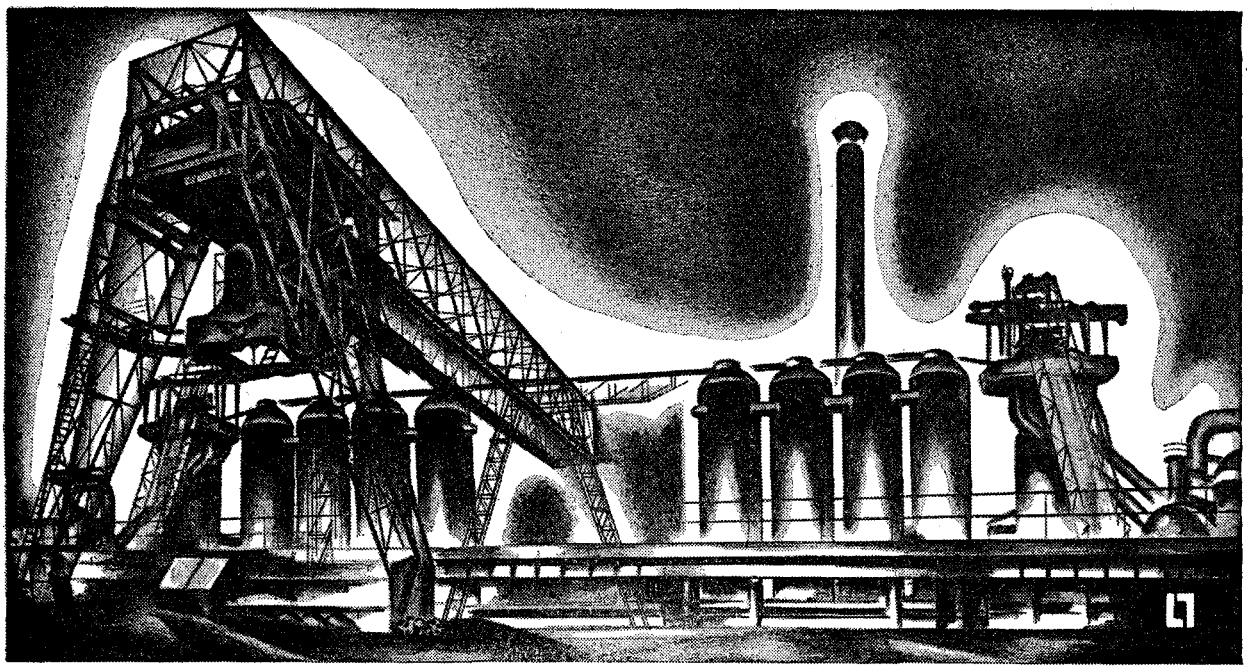

achievement of a 3-piece bedroom suite, of good quality, in modernistic design, to be sold by retailers at $69.50. In this price was figured a very modest profit for maker and distributor and a good wage for labor.

But it could not be sold by the existing furniture dealers, with their usual 100-per-cent mark-up in price, that was certain! If they were to handle it, the plan would have to be abandoned. To succeed, furniture *retailing*, as well, would have to be revolutionized. The absurdly high initial mark-up and the subsequent "big February-August furniture sale" system would have to fade out of the picture. Therefore the policy determined was to sell only to stores which would agree to a *predetermined scale of minimum mark-ups*. In this way the 3-piece bedroom suite got to the family at its proper price. It was an instant success, and now other sets are to be attempted on the same basis.

## V

LOW-PRICE TECHNICS, it must not be supposed, apply only to manufacturing. There is gathering force today an exceedingly broad movement ranging into many fields — in transportation, public utilities, retailing, wholesaling, building construction, and even in the theater and other arts. It amounts to a landslide, because the hard facts of American life today demand it. Just as Marcus Loew, brooding over his empty $2 theater seats, mused that "so many more thousands have a dime than have a dollar" and from this aphorism made his millions by adopting low-price technics in the theater, so thoughtful businessmen are realizing that the time has come for a shift of policy to fit the consumer facts.

It is refreshing, in these times of criticism of public utilities, to describe an instance in this field which is but a variation upon the usual theme of increased sale of electric current following a simple downward revision in rates. The Arkansas Power & Light Company has done a downright brilliant job of low-price technics. The company was losing money (and who would wonder at that, since Arkansas is a share-cropper State?). President Harvey C. Couch attacked his problem of selling more current. Researches among the rural folk indicated that the egg business was well suited to their resources and abilities. This called for lighting the henneries at night, and the Company determined to find a way to help the rural population succeed in the egg business. The experts said it could be done only if 16.3 cents a dozen could be obtained for eggs, instead of 14.3 cents. If this could be managed, the farmers would make $47.75 per year for each flock of 25 hens, or $382 for 8 flocks, a very desirable result for these discouraged people. Research further disclosed that the goal of 16.3 cents per dozen could be attained if assembling stations were set up for grading eggs according to color and size and for packing



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each grade in full carload lots. The Arkansas Power & Light Company thereupon decided to go into the egg business with its customers by rendering this assembly-point service.

But the problem was yet more complex. The cost of wiring to the farms was high, and the farmers could not pay it. Research then began to cut line costs, the answer being found in light-weight aluminum-alloy wire, permitting wider pole spreads, and also in simplified transformers and specially designed crossarm brackets, to cut pole cost. The final result was a considerable reduction in the cost of servicing egg farms, and 15,000 new customers were served over 3,500 new miles of line. The utility company pulled out of the red, while at the same time 15,000 families were given new hope and more income. This is the low-price technic at its best.

The TVA experiments, both in rate reduction and in providing electric equipment at new low prices for families not able to afford the standard ones, are by now familiar to all of us and have been establishing some new landmarks in low-price technics.

The railways of the South and West, experimenting with 2-cents-a-mile fares have stirred up a first-class controversy, now likely to be taken to the Supreme Court, since three or four large eastern roads refuse to obey the order to adopt this rate. They claim their losses will be large; but it is clear that a much larger volume of passenger traffic can be carried without extra cost, and the 2-cent rate is almost certain to begin a new era of American railway methods. The typical eastern capitalist view once more obstructs this goal. It is temperamentally disinclined toward low-profit mass selling.

In the building field, low-price technics must come soon, or serious repercussions are sure to follow. A $2,000-a-year family cannot afford a house costing over $4,000. Thus 16,000,000 families are shut off from the benefits (to themselves and to industry at large) of home ownership. Low-price technics must succeed in creating $4,000 homes. They can, and you may be sure that they will.

The more precise character of low-price technics, as worked out in production policies, is perhaps most authentically illustrated in the 21 characteristics of Ford management, condensed in *Mill and Factory* for January, 1936:

> (1) Safe, convenient and sanitary working conditions. (2) Clear instructions. (3) Accurate drawings. (4) Standardization of equipment and parts. (5) Maximum use of research and experimentation in laboratories. (6) Careful analysis of costs. (7) Detailed operation sheets. (8) Careful specification of materials and supplies. (9) Exact layout of machinery necessary for each step in production. (10) Specialized ability in employees. (11) Direct line of process in manufacture. (12) Use of automatic operations wherever possible. (13) Movement of materials to the worker by power-driven equipment. (14) Adequate equipment and building maintenance. (15) Adequate heating, lighting, and ventilation. (16) Elimination of waste space, materials, and methods. (17) Reduction of slow-moving inventories of materials, parts, or product stocks to a minimum. (18) Continuous replacement of obsolete methods and equipment with improvements. (19) Maintenance of advanced standards of precision. (20) Control of sources of supply for basic raw materials. (21) Maintenance of high wage scales.

## VI

A TECHNIC that will enable a great many more millions of American families to buy the goods they want with their income is, in effect, equal to raising that income. When $200 will buy an electric refrigerator, an electric washing machine, and a good radio set, whereas before it purchased only the refrigerator, you have in effect raised that $200 of income to $400. The consumer would rather have the goods than the money, anyhow, and the expenditure has a stimulative effect, indirectly, on general wage levels — thus achieving a double advantage. The American consumer is the one consumer in the world who wants to spend his money for goods, rather than hoard or oversave or overinvest. Therefore, in America, low-price technics are intimately related to progress and the rise of living standards. We are not merely an inventive country of clever fabricators; we are also an extraordinarily responsive consuming country, eager — not reluctant — to use the products of our factories. We like the new invention, the novelty, the improved product. We have no obsession, as have other countries, for retaining the old nor do we dislike to own standardized goods turned out in large quantities. We consider it silly to worry lest what we use is an exact copy of what our neighbor uses. We have other ideas of individuality than to insist on individual toothpaste or unique design of bathtub.



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If the overworked phrase, "production for use and not for profit," has any meaning at all, it means low-price technics, for only they widen use and reduce profit to the minimum that must always in some sense reside in production and distribution, whether by private or public enterprise. Any production or distribution operation entails the expenditure of certain physical and mental energies which must be compensated for — they cannot be truly profitless without beginning a process of disintegration. But the profit may be held to a very small fraction, and a process of progressive reductions in price begun as volume rises. This is precisely the basis on which the automobile industry has set an example, so remarkable in its effect upon American consumption that it has virtually dispossessed many other forms of consumption. It is an industry quite consciously apart from other industries. It does not act or think like other industries, because of its positive adoption, without reserve, of low-price technics. All other considerations are made to bow before it. Patents are pooled — a form of industrial co-operation in itself revolutionary in capitalism. The leading manufacturers are highly sensitive to consumer desire, making frequent changes and improvements, even if monumental retooling costs and completely new factories are involved. These things most other industries shun.

As Ralph Flanders, President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, said in his 1935 presidential address, the automobile industry built itself upon the principle of increasing sales by continually reducing prices and costs — thus making the automobile the greatest single contribution of the machine to the life of the people. The automobile also undoubtedly represents the best value per dollar ever offered on a large scale to consumers. A $600 automobile of today is an infinitely superior thing to the $1,500 car offered 20 years ago. Such a ratio of increased purchasing power is certainly difficult to find in any other field of American industry — yet there is no compelling reason why there should not be many instead of few such examples. The explanation is simply that low-price technics have required too much ability, vision, courage, capital, and devotion; the supply of these qualities has been far from large enough. Low-price technics do not offer easy roads to riches, nor to lazy, overpaid executives, nor to fat financial manipulation. On the contrary, they call for a new form of technical zeal and faith and ambition — a lean, athletic devotion and super business vision which come very close to being a high and modern form of social service. Ford can still make better and cheaper tractors than Soviet Russia and in all likelihood will always be able to; at the same time he can pay his workmen wages which in purchasing power make Russia's look pauperlike. Ford invests a trifle over $9,000 per worker in plant capitalization, and in 20 years has paid to labor $625,000,000 above prevailing wage levels.

## VII

Those who pine for a "moral equivalent war" and who have expressed concern lest the communists may perhaps have found it should carefully look into low-price technics, for they show signs of possessing just this quality. They made of Henry Ford a "fanatic" and have the possibility of deeply gripping others too, once their social implications are grasped, together with their technical excitements and disciplines. The very air at Dearborn is charged with these excitements and disciplines, for there is always the front-line enemy trench of lower cost and greater efficiency to attack; always the stir to the imagination of new discovery and research; and always, looming, new triumphs over materials. The superior glory of man in combat with his *environment*, rather than man in combat with himself, is unquestionably the reason why Henry Ford is so markedly a pacifist. The molding of car window trim out of soya-bean meal no doubt gave Ford fully as much joy as Napoleon ever experienced in a victory of arms. And the boys in Ford's tool-design blueprint room, who have made 17 separate improvements, unquestionably have the same attitude. Even those who supply the automobile industry have felt this spur, and have been inspired to invent new alloys, to design new accessories.

The "research" spirit, when infused into the ordinary labor in an organization flying the banners of low-price technics, is a very real and very spiritual thing — and has long been lacking in American industrial life. Bitter complaints against the profit-system, when stripped of misinformation and emotionalism, leave this residue of truth: America wants and needs to



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feel adventure and lift to the spirit — as she did in pioneer times — in her work, and she wants to feel that she has idealistic, not greedy, leaders, who are taking her to worthy, understandable, and enjoyable goals.

The outlines of the American economic future are now, I think, unmistakably to be descried in the offing. The true destiny of American industry is mass production, mass distribution, and mass consumption at revolutionary low prices. In this concept — which has already a great history as an American contribution — the entire American genius, both mechanical and political, both extravert and introvert, both materialistic and idealistic, comes to a fairly full fruition.

Politically, it shifts the emphasis away from the obsession of the rest of the world with state capitalism and economic dictatorship and revitalizes individualistic enterprise with new goals and new challenges; idealistically, it gives industry unmistakable new social importance and worth. To put valuable goods, raising the standards of living, of health, and of culture, into the hands of families which need them but have not been able to afford them is admittedly the very highest economic statesmanship. It is the "American way"; it solves political and economic problems before they arise; it is a free democratic society in genuinely practical operation. It is its own best cure for social discontent and maladjustment, its own disciplinary guardian against rapacity and financial manipulation. Low-price technics "denature" the profit system by reducing unit profit to a small fraction and thus rewarding with large riches only those few who have shown exceptional genius for increasing the purchasing power of the masses. Few people resent Henry Ford's millions, for this precise reason, since they know how much richer we might all be if only we had more Henry Fords in other fields of industry.

## VIII

In low-price technics problems abound everywhere, and challenges are numerous and constant to those willing to accept them. They are almost precisely the kind which fire the spirit of Russia today. We have had far too universally the seeking of the soft, easy path to riches without the rendering of commensurate service. To be kicked into a new spirit via a communist dictator would be a sorry end to the American dream of liberty and opportunity, but it will be deserved if we cannot now close finally the chapter of piggish preoccupation with unearned gains which brought on the 1929 crash.

If it is objected that low-price technics place a premium upon laborsaving and mechanical production, increasing technological unemployment, and also put small business enterprises at a disadvantage, the reply is ready. Low-price technics notoriously stimulate the capital-goods industries, because of the extensive modernization required, and this spreads benefits widely. If a machine is designed to displace workmen — with the purpose of price reduction — the result is invariably that the extra employment given through the making of these machines and the spurt given to production through reduced costs and added purchasing power, plus the higher type of labor needed to attend the new process, offset the disadvantages. In regard to low-price technics and small business, it is now recognized — by Ford in particular — that the small plant, operated under really modern principles, has actually an advantage over the large plant. Ford is turning to the small-plant idea himself. There is no advantage to size, in *principle;* each enterprise probably has a discoverable optimum of size, and that optimum is not nearly so large as has been supposed. There is not less, but *more* opportunity in America today for small concerns to operate with low-price technics. Indeed, large concerns are much harassed by small units of competition — but, alas, not through honest competition on an equal basis, working conditions and quality of product, but largely upon an exploitation basis. This is antisocial and needs vigorous opposition, for it is against the very spirit of low-price technics.

With our vast reservoir of capital — $6,000,000,000 of excess bank reserves, making an absolutely unprecedented era of cheap money — there is no reason why a vigorous movement to apply low-price technics to new fields should not be begun, in, let us hope, a new spirit of adventure and public service.

The time for dropping political bickering is here; our genuine American adventure lies just ahead of us; our "war" must be upon low purchasing power and unemployment. In winning it we may fulfill the American dream.



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# The Shadow of the Ass

## *How To Get Along with Englishmen*

*by* **STRUTHERS BURT**

They disputed about the shadow of an ass.
— Latin proverb

FOR SIX HUNDRED and fifty years, from a time when moats were still stagnant and ladies, although rouged and plucked of eyebrow, were covered with soot, the English, more than any race in history, have occupied themselves with the question of manners. They have written about them, coined epigrams and apothegms about them, delivered sermons on the subject, and carved their sentiments in stone. English literature is filled with such references, and the language itself has collected almost as many synonyms for taste, good breeding, and fashionable behavior as it has for vulgarity, drunkenness, and prostitution — the highest compliment that can be paid a concept. Indeed, more than anything else, more than even the peculiar and complacent god of Anglo-Saxondom, manners — good manners — can be said to have been the especial Hound of Heaven of the English. All Englishmen, all Englishmen, that is, with any pretensions to manners at all, walk not in the shadow of the Lord but in the fear that they may say or do something which is not correct.

The English, in short, have done everything about good manners except practice them.

### OUR NATIONAL LACK OF POISE

FOR THREE HUNDRED years America has been America, and for over a hundred and fifty years she has been the United States. To begin with, a separate and mighty slice of a continent; to end with, a separate and mighty country. Not yet, however, have Americans learned how to behave with dignity in the presence of foreigners, especially Englishmen.

Someone has said that the English have an excellent manner but no manners and that the Americans have excellent manners but no manner. The reasons, at least the surface reasons, for the last are obvious.

Not yet have Americans learned to think of their country in large and philosophic terms, and, therefore, not yet do they realize that, like all countries, she is a mixture of every known good and evil, beauty and ugliness, gentleness and crudity. Not yet have they been moved by any general eagerness really to know their land or think about it deeply. And, so, not yet have they achieved any composed and intelligent point of view about themselves.

This national uneasiness and international ignorance take themselves out, as is well known, in three historic forms.

The sturdy, more simple American, when confronted with the cold and inquiring English or French or even Balkan eye, is either silent, inimical, and rude or else, if goaded to speech, given to absurd and boastful comparisons or bloodcurdling facetiousness or else, more self-expressive and cosmopolitan, especially if it be a she, is all too likely, with a horrific suddenness and wriggling, to resort, metaphorically, to that somewhat embarrassing gesture (even in a dog) of rolling over on the back, paws in air, in a frantic endeavor to please.

It is difficult to say which of the three gestures is more disconcerting to the interested observer, native or foreign, or which adds more to international confusion, misunderstanding, and evil misconception.

Apparently the one thing Americans cannot



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learn is that the human race everywhere is dismayingly alike. Forked radishes even under the robes of a Knight of the Garter. The American, peculiarly vicarious where other Americans are concerned, is singularly unvicarious when it comes to the citizens of other nations. Realizing almost too much his own vices, weaknesses, and limitations, he seems unable to translate this realization into world-wide terms. Even an undocumented Russian princess overwhelms him as the possessor of a secret, spiritual and urbane, to which he does not know the answer. Even the most vulgar Englishman is accepted on terms which astonish no one more than himself.

Now the truth is, of course, that all nations, as individuals, irrespective of class, are, by any high standard, barbarous, vulgar, avaricious, unillumined, and inartistic; and the only people who don't know this are Americans. France is undoubtedly the most civilized country of modern times. Ask any honest and intelligent Frenchman if the French as a whole love music, painting, or the finer things of life! Nor is this any direct charge against the vast majorities in question, many of whose members are, in other ways, worthy people. It takes, on the one hand, some degree of leisure and economic security, not yet general, to cultivate the graces and even the more abstract virtues and, on the other, it requires more than even leisure and economic security to guard against stupid environment and biologic carelessness. An idiotic or rude duke is no less idiotic or rude than an idiotic or rude subway guard, nor any greater gentleman. To be stupid in Parisian French is no less dangerous than to be stupid with a Kansas drawl. The world is divided not between races or nations but between fools and those of wiser and gentler intentions.

Even the English are altogether human when you get to know them; kindly and — in their own way — affable people. They gave us cocktails, tabloids, and illumined highway signs at night. We gave them movies, chewing gum, and cheek-to-cheek dancing. They gave us *rotten*, and we gave them *lousy*. Their judges wear wigs; we change our socks more frequently. We prefer kidnaping; they like trunk murders. As Shylock said of himself, they bleed if you prick them and they suckle their young. From the time of Queen Elizabeth to the accession of Queen Victoria they were as corrupt, venal, drunken, boisterous, and politically dishonest a people as there was in Europe. Then something came over them. I suspect the Duke of Wellington, Arnold of Rugby, the Romantic Movement, and the Prince Consort. They are still the most selfish and thoroughly disingenuous people internationally in existence; more disingenuous even than the Russians and as selfish as the Germans. They have an empire with subject races scattered here and there; we have an empire whose subject races live with us cheek by jowl. The imperial statistics of England and America for dishonesty and general misbehavior are about the same.

### Gallery of Ill Breeding

Some people collect stamps. Others, first editions. A few, paintings. For various reasons, one of them being that I went to Oxford, another that I have numerous English friends and connections, a third that I have always been interested in the amity of nations, one of my hobbies for a number of years has been the collecting of British bad manners, especially where Americans are concerned, and American awkwardness, especially in the presence of the British. Regarding my collection objectively, my conscience assures me that it has been altogether honestly made and, as I have just implied, for worthy and essential reasons. I am a well-wisher, not a marplot. I find no traces, except on the surface, of perverse or malicious humor. It is because I like and admire the English so much that I so dislike their manners; it is because I like and admire my countrymen that I so deprecate their various attitudes toward England. But, above all, it is because, despite modern conviction to the contrary and occasional backsliding on my own part, I cannot rid myself of the belief that good manners, even superficial ones, are of infinite importance that I bother with the question at all.

Cornelius Nepos observed a good many hundreds of years ago that "everyone's manners make his fortune," and, although like all generalizations this particular one needs much refining and amending, its essential truth has been agreed upon by most wise men throughout the centuries. If manners are important to individuals, they are equally important to nations. Willy-nilly, because of economic and political idiosyncrasies, the mutual fortunes of



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England and the United States in those respects have been excellent; because of bad manners on one side and awkwardness on the other, not yet have England and America done the one thing essential in a dangerous epoch, the thing all wise Englishmen and Americans know should be done. An English-speaking pact could hold the world against the maniacs who threaten it.

### The Shoe on the Other Foot

For some odd reason, probably an Irish one, the only Englishmen, as a rule, capable of writing even a halfway intelligent book about America are Scotchmen. One such, A. G. Macdonnell, in a recent book, *A Visit to America*, remarks.

> These insults, flung about with such lordly abandon by English travellers, do not really assist the work of the English Speaking Union in bringing the United States and Great Britain nearer to each other.

It is a simple thought but a profound one. Were I the Home Secretary of Great Britain, as the first move in the right direction I should try to wangle a law making it a penitentiary offense for any Englishman to write about America unless he had a special call or was especially called. Just why this curious inflammation attacks the brain of every Englishman the moment the coast of Ireland is left behind has been a puzzle to many Americans. If we did the same, a prohibitive import tax would be laid against us. And equally puzzling is the extreme facetiousness which, at the same moment, takes possession of the sufferer. All nations are funny in many of their aspects, and so is the human race, but they are not as funny as all that; and you can expect neither nations nor humanity to be pleased unless, at times, you take them seriously. I could write a terribly funny book about England, if that were my purpose. I should start with a diminutive locomotive on a branch line in Devonshire which bears, in gold letters, the name *Lady Disdain*.

John Gibbons, an English newspaperman, has also been a recent commentator, stirred, apparently, by the perennial British delusion that it has never been done before and must be done at once. With rare intuition he calls his book *Is This America?* No, it isn't.

Mr. Gibbons resents, and quite justly, the occasional cheap and vulgar treatment given the British royal family by our motion pictures. He asks how a great and so-called civilized nation can indulge in such cheapness. Somewhere in his travels he visits the battlefield of Chattanooga. He admits he knows nothing about the Civil War but, having fought in the World War, he is amused by the monuments — twenty-eight Confederates died here; forty-seven Union soldiers there. Insignificant! He is, however, patronizing and kind to the "planter and farmer generals," dressed up in clumsy temporary uniforms, and, coming to the visitor's book, he writes, "Inspected the view and have seen nothing to which I can take exception."

In Notre Dame in Paris there is a small tablet, scarlet and gold with the coat of arms of Great Britain, which bears the inscription: *To the memory of a million Englishmen whose bodies rest in French soil.* Were an American tourist to write below this, "Tablet viewed and see nothing to which I can take exception," the English newspapers would blaze with this example of American vulgarity; so, also, would a number of misguided Americans. Mr. Gibbons seems to be unaware that, in our own quaint fashion, the Civil War is almost as sacred to Americans as the royal family is to him. It is one of the few things that seem to us fairly grave. And it was, moreover, a war! Mr. Gibbons, like so many Englishmen, is worried about us. We are the only great empire which has never been properly "blooded." He doesn't know what we would do in an emergency. English professional soldiers are better informed. They are in the habit of studying the Civil War.

Over four million men were in arms. In the battle of Chattanooga, in some ways a minor battle, a hundred thousand men were engaged, and fifteen thousand were killed and wounded. The amateur generals in their "clumsy, temporary uniforms" wore them for four years and came out with armies so hardened and trained that all Washington had to do to France was to hint that the French were unwelcome in Mexico to have them desert Maxi-

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milian to be shot against a wall. Until August 4, 1914, America was the only nation which had been thoroughly "blooded" since the exile of Napoleon. The Franco-Prussian War in comparison was a three months' picnic. One of the reasons, not sufficiently remembered, why the United States was so slow in entering the Great War was that there were still alive in 1914 thousands of Americans who knew, unlike Europeans, what real war was.

I make these notes for Mr. Gibbons' better instruction. Let us return to my collection.

### Stalking the Parlor Cad

It is a fairly gruesome collection. Madame Tussaud overlooked something. And it has, especially on the English side, as has been indicated, a long and dishonorable tradition. One can trace it back as far as 1706, perhaps earlier, to the curse Ebenezer Cook laid upon Virginia: "May Wrath Divine then lay these Regions Wast, Where no Man's Faithful, nor a Woman Chast." . . . an uppercut, I should say, for the Old Dominion . . . the invoker immediately and charmingly amending his anathema by the exception: "The Author does not intend by this any of the English gentlemen resident there." And one can trace it down, decade after decade, through Captain Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, Ford Madox Ford, and countless others, to the very latest articulate Englishman who, notebook in pocket and a glazed expression in his eyes, may at this very moment, for all I know, be casting off from Southampton. Only occasionally has a kinder voice such as that of Harriet Martineau or Lord Bryce, been raised in counter evidence.

Bluntly, the English did not like us when we were, to all intents and purposes, Englishmen, and, bluntly, they have seen little to alter their point of view since we became, in truth, Americans. There is no use in deluding ourselves. Bluntness is often necessary to arrive at the truth. And the truth is the only sure foundation for future understanding. And bluntly, although incidentally, I should like to present a thesis to some historian. Secretly I have never believed that the War of the Revolution was fought because of taxes — that was a mere excuse, and revolutions aren't made that way. I believe it was fought because of over a hundred years of British bad manners. And I think, the historian, elaborating this thesis, could prove that England has never lost a colony except through arrogance, principally on the part of junior officers. You will observe that France has no India or Egypt.

All collections, of course, have their especial hunting grounds, and for amateurs wishing to follow in my field I have no hesitancy in suggesting, at least as a beginning, New York. New York is not only our largest port of entry, but she is also the kitchen midden of the most self-conscious and, at the same time, disorientated Americans, many of whom, coming from the provinces, have thrust the fact so far back into their consciousness that they have emerged brilliantly inaccurate about the United States. They are bonanzas of misinformation. And, since misinformation is what the average Englishman is looking for, he listens to them, although he doesn't like them. British novelists are particularly rewarding. So are playwrights . . . especially those who have never been successful anywhere else. Politicians and bishops have their point — when the latter have recovered from Harlem and Hollywood. Businessmen, as a rule, are no good. Whatever else may be said about them, businessmen are at least trained to be discreet.

Who, interested in such museum pieces as mine, has not felt the thrill of the collector upon entering a room, preferably a studio, where someone is entertaining a distinguished visitor? This thrill is accompanied by a collateral inquietude vaguely located near the pit of the stomach, which comes from the knowledge that someone, sooner or later, is going to say something rude — something rude and something stupid. The rudeness on the part of the distinguished visitor; the stupidities on the part of at least a dozen of the receiving Americans. But every pursuit has, naturally, its drawbacks, and at such gatherings, the atmosphere, to put it mildly, is always a trifle too heavy with mental exudations. Too thick with the oozing eagerness of the distinguished visitor to hurry the moment when he can say something memorably untoward and the



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queasy eagerness of the Americans either to explain, unasked, their country or else deprecate it suitably.

However, almost any large American city will do. Boston, Richmond, and Charleston are exceptions. Boston, still thoroughly East Anglian except where she is Irish, deplores the modern Englishman because he has so departed from the ancient standards. Richmond, revenging herself upon Ebenezer Cook, has placidly assumed for many generations that Englishmen are descended from Virginians and not the other way about. And Charleston, like the late queen, "is not amused." In Charleston, Englishmen, like everyone else, get quietly lost among the magnolias and azaleas.

### The Great Secret

Now, in the face of all common sense, all logic, all history, all beneath-the-surface similarities, and all present mutual necessities, it is not only fair, but pressingly important to ask how the English got this way and why they remain so and why, for so many generations, the Americans have been unable to frame an adequate reply.

It has been said that the English have never forgiven us for the Revolution. That is nonsense. It has been said, and truthfully, that they continue to regard us as younger and willful blood relations when, as a matter of fact, we are a distinct and foreign nation whose roots have never been predominantly Anglo-Saxon but always predominantly Scotch, Irish, or Welsh. It has been said that they fear us economically and politically. They have little reason to, and certainly such fears do not predicate the ordinary manners of the ordinary citizen. It has been said, especially by the English themselves, that they are, at one and the same time, shy, frank, and stupid. When an Englishman says that, he is at his most dangerous. Look out for him.

The English, both individually and politically, are the most adroit and imaginative people in Europe. Also the most passionate and romantic. Also the most lyric. Also the wittiest. They have imposed upon themselves, to be sure, an arbitrary code of manners and beliefs. They are, as Keyserling said, the Manchus of the West. But regard their poetry. Their novels. Their country life. Their domestic architecture. Their idea of the Empire. Their silver. Their pageants. Look at the King James version of the Bible. Take into consideration Shakespeare. Nevins, in his scholarly book, *American Social History, as Recorded by British Travellers*, has pointed out that we have often been the stalking-horse for whatever movements were, at the moment, going on in England. The Liberals came to find confirmation among us; the Tories — and most Englishmen are inherently conservative — came to study us as horrible examples and to notify their countrymen of their discoveries. Many of these explanations and a dozen more are valid so far as they go, but all of them, in reality, explain results rather than causes. The causes, it seems to me, lie deeper; lie hidden in those dark places from which stems the major portion of antic human behavior.

I hate to use the term — it has been so abused — and men are inclined to hunt for large and pompous reasons because they do them credit rather than for human ones, but the older I grow the more convinced I become that the roots of most evil are not so much money as inferiority complexes. Certainly inferiority complexes produce most of our criminals, many of our invalids, and a goodly proportion of our insane. And because the northern nations are so imaginative, so wrapped in the fogs and shadows of their own seas and personalities, they are, more than other peoples, more aware of each man's relative littleness and so, fundamentally, more humble — no matter how they may conceal this realization by surface pride. It is a large thesis. I have no time to develop it here, but how otherwise explain the paradoxes and contradictions of the English and American temperament and behavior? People do not bother greatly about something they have or think they have. The French do not bother greatly about their manners; they are convinced that they are perfect, just as they are convinced that France is perfect — convictions that make them charming dinner companions, if not altogether satisfactory intimates. The thoroughly conceited man is very easy to get along with. It is the vain, uncertain man who is difficult.

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William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, living in the fourteenth century, coined an apothegm no Englishman is allowed to forget. It is burned on his consciousness. *Manners Makyth Man*. William of Wykeham founded New College, Oxford. His apothegm is her motto. Even in Oxford, New College is known for the placid arrogance of her dons, her graduates, and her undergraduates. Winchester School, of which William of Wykeham is the patron saint, is equally distinguished. Lord Chesterfield, with infinite pains and thought, presented the most vulgar picture of a supposed gentleman that genius could invent. Aristotle, that classic snob, is what Englishmen are brought up on. Coming down to the present, Bernard Shaw can do no better than this:

> The great secret is not having bad manners or good manners or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manners for all human souls.

But suppose one's manners are consistently bad? Mr. Shaw himself is a distinguished example of his own confusion.

### The Retort New England

England was a tiny, isolated, barbaric island until the time of Queen Elizabeth. England, in the eyes of all Europe, was still barbaric up to the Napoleonic Wars, and the English knew this. William the Conqueror and his knights thought the English barbaric. At the beginning of the nineteenth century England set out to correct this impression. The English aristocracy is the only valid aristocracy left, because of the adroitness, imagination, and common sense of the English. The ancestors of most of the present peers (and not so long ago) dropped their aitches. If you are a small, isolated, and barbaric people and wish to capture a better position, you begin by conquering as much land as you can and end by imposing upon yourself a code and a set of arbitrary convictions which, in a generation or so, will convince both yourself and others that you never were small, isolated, or barbaric and never dropped your aitches. But neither code nor arbitrary convictions quite prevents you from knowing that, underneath, you are a man; and the split personality inclines you to bully, if not in other ways then socially, any race which will permit you to do so. We have always furnished the English a magnificent release. And we have furnished them this release because of our own inferiority complex.

We started out to be a Utopia, we ended up by being a tottering materialistic empire. We also — and this is most important — just missed being a colony. We started out to make a democracy but we had hardly begun before we turned ourselves into a rising oligarchy. We repudiated ourselves, reversed our shadows. No wonder we are uneasy; no wonder that we are still so childish and unworldly as to ask every visiting foreigner what he thinks of us. As if that were any of his business!

There are a few basic rules to begin with. I have mentioned a couple, but here are some more, merely as stopgaps until real understanding is attempted.

Don't talk to Englishmen about America. Wait until they ask questions and then answer as sensibly and truthfully as you know. Behave toward them as casually as they behave toward you. Don't wriggle, fawn, or show your teeth. And don't get angry. Don't praise in a loud voice, or at all, England or English things, either in this country or England. Don't, for instance, enter an English cathedral and expatiate on its beauty or age. Such things are taken for granted. And don't, in an English courtyard, ask, "Why haven't we jonquils, too?" We have. Don't — if you are an Englishman — write a book. Don't be continually funny. Don't give advice. The principle underlying all these rules is, as I have hinted, that the two nations should learn to take each other more casually. Meanwhile, solely for the sake of casual intercourse, there is for recollection an ancient New England story.

One cannot love everyone. For the most part all one wants in a crowded world is to get through it with as little incitement to mayhem as possible. You may remember the story. It is long and profane. The hero is a simple whaling hand, perpetually browbeaten and abused by his mate, and then one day he sights a huge whale which yields barrels of oil. The mate, repentant, takes the abused sailor down into his cabin, where he tries to cajole him by means of presents and flattery. To this the simple whaling hand replies, being a dignified New Englander: "Mr. Simpson, you can take your Jamaiky rum and your Hevany seegars and go to hell with them. All I wants from you is politeness, and that of the most ordinary description."



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# Sex Ethics: New or Old?

***A Debate***

## I—A Victorian Unashamed

***by* HOMER A. HARVEY**

It has been particularly interesting — and disturbing — of recent years to follow the debate going on over the matter of sex ethics. If we examine the newer philosophy in the particular field of sex intercourse in its relation to marriage, we become aware of a definite break with social ideals of centuries' standing. The very monogamic principle which was long ago adopted by all civilized nations as the most workable and the most conducive to social stability is being frankly challenged, as follows:

It is pointed out that because of present economic conditions normal early marriages have become impossible. This entails long engagements, which subject young people to prolonged nervous strain. The only corrective being normal exercise of the sex function, it is suggested that society should lift its opprobrium from antemarriage indulgence between engaged couples.

As an amendment to this suggestion, it is further proposed that this tolerance be extended to adolescents in general, in as much as natural sex expression would add a powerful impetus to mutual understanding between boys and girls and prepare them for later marriage. It is pointed out that there is nothing essentially sacred about virginity and that the abandonment of this fetish would lead to better and more durable marriages, since they would be established under the aegis of knowledge and experience rather than of ignorance.

It is suggested that the especial importance that has been accorded by society to virginity in girls before marriage is noxious, in as much as it introduces an imbalance into relations between the sexes which leads to a virtual dilemma. Young men, it appears, find themselves in the awkard position of being prompted by their wholly normal biologic urge to destroy the very thing to which society and, by implication, they themselves have attached an especial sacredness. This rivals enforced continence as a destroyer of delicate nervous systems and a promoter of harmful Freudian complexes.

Sex misunderstanding in marriage is the most prolific cause of divorce. Therefore, as an effective preventive measure against this growing evil, society should sanction extra-marital liaisons in which the sexually disappointed husband or wife may recapture his or her happiness, thus abolishing dangerous complexes, soothing frayed nerves, and restoring forthwith the harmony of nominal family life.

I have read many arguments on this catalogue of proposed reforms and have attempted to judge something of the types of persons represented among their authors. I find that I can usually place them in one or more of the following catagories.

Mature men and women whose creed represents the course they themselves have followed and out of which, in the process of rationalization, their convictions have arisen.

Virgins of both sexes, between eighteen and fifty, who, by reason of temperament or social conditions, have become victims of sex obsession and suppressed desire.

Social Uplifters whose credo is the familiar one of uplifters in general — shoot first and look afterward.

A class large in numbers but small in importance, from the controversial standpoint, of those who have become cynics as a result of being ill-mated in marriage.

Throwing out these four classes of the champions of the New Emancipation of Sex as incompetent or pathological, a residue of properly qualified and sincere persons is left. Their arguments must be answered. Let us take them in order.



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II

IT MAY BE freely admitted that economic conditions have set higher the average age at marriage. The standards of professional training are being steadily raised. Competition is keener in all kinds of occupations. For the benefit of society, therefore, it seems right and proper that those in the higher intelligence brackets *should* marry later. As for the financial considerations, it might be suggested that young couples lower the entrance requirements and evince a willingness to begin on a more modest scale, instead of where their parents left off, in comparative luxury.

Then, too, one hears the oft repeated argument that, by marrying, employed girls will lose their jobs. As a justification for cohabitation without benefit of clergy this sounds like burning down the house to get rid of the rats. The employers' objection is not to marriage itself but to the fear that pregnancy and children will presently come to their married women employees and compel them to train others to fill their places. If there were any other reason, it should apply with equal force to men. This being the case, the girl who feels confident enough of her ability to avoid pregnancy to induce her to take so antisocial a step as unmarried indulgence should be able to enjoy legitimate marriage with at least as great immunity.

This brings us squarely up against the real question: Just how dependable are present-day contraceptives, and is pregnancy, after all, the only thing a young couple indulging in illicit relations has to fear?

In answer to the first question, speaking from the medical standpoint, I feel certain that those who gain their notion of these protective means from lay literature are apt to place in them a serene trust which the facts do not justify. Even the clinics with experience and selected cases to help their averages do not claim higher than ninety- or ninety-five-per-cent protection. The five- to ten-per-cent residue is almost as devastating to the peace of mind of most women as no protection at all. The widely varying fecundity of women introduces another element of uncertainty. On the whole, no young couple contemplating an excursion into the alluring field of unmarried love should nurse the illusion that in present-day contraceptives they have any positive guarantee of immunity.

The consideration implied in the second part of the question — passing over the matter of disease, which is too obvious for discussion — is the shocking psychic effect of clandestine sex indulgence, especially upon the girl.

But all this is beside the original point, which is: Should society condone sex freedom between engaged couples? The conservative answer must be, "No!" Long centuries of tradition have elevated chastity into an unassailable position of something akin to veneration. Premarital intercourse is a distinct violation of this precept, and, in spite of themselves, the parties to it, if they be right-thinking people, must inevitably lose respect for themselves and each other. It is doubtful if many of the even bona fide engagements would ever reach honorable marriage, and in the end the whole sorry mess could not fail to become a hopeless tangle of license and promiscuity. Furthermore, regardless of what a small group of liberals may think about the matter, chastity will retain its exalted position of esteem for some time to come. In the meantime, violations of its code must of necessity have a furtive and clandestine quality. This is itself abhorrent to a sensitive nature, and even well-intentioned liaisons could not long survive so corroding an atmosphere.

If this conclusion be true of engaged couples, it is doubly true of young people in less intimate association. The true solution of the sex problem in adolescence is education, not experimentation. Society, instead of lifting the ban against sex transgression and its consequences, should raise the bars still higher.

III

THIS BRINGS us to the subject of virginity — and the discussion should include boys as well as girls, though most people frankly disbelieve in virginity among young men. Under a system of proper education, I can see no good reason why there should be a double standard in this respect, in spite of the distinct biologic difference between the sexes in their relation to the sex act. Throughout nature it is the prerogative of the male to be the aggressor and to elicit the response in his mate. No *normal* girl would ever be directly conscious of sex or suffer from sex repression



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if left to establish naturally her own code of conduct. To assume that every girl is a potential courtesan in the same sense that every boy is, as a biologic fact, a Don Juan at heart, is to have a total misconception of the most important protective mechanism in nature. The fact that in our present civilization this difference is obscured early in the adolescence of young people by artificial stimulation and conscious perversion in no way invalidates the essential nature of the balance.

This fundamental distinction between the sexes puts the responsibility squarely up to the young man. It is ridiculous to assume that simply because he is male his future conduct is in the lap of the gods and that he is to be saved from disgraceful behavior only by the superior will power of the girls with whom he associates. It is his right to be taught self-restraint. It is the business of his home and society to see that he is given this instruction.

The question of infidelity in marriage is nothing more than an extension of the sex problem in adolescence. Education for the one is the answer for the other. It is my belief that, far from being a sensible preparation for marriage, as not a few writers affirm, sex laxity in adolescence can lead to nothing but trouble in marriage.

What can parents do to equip themselves for this much-needed education in sex?

Most of the preparation will consist in whatever wisdom and experience they have accumulated. The principal thing is the mental attitude. To begin with, they must rid themselves of the delusion that, of all young persons, the minds of their own sons and daughters alone will soar above the promptings of sex. They should further recognize that their carefully developed remote control will probably be damped out by the surge of an adolescent awakening as natural as breathing but as dangerous as fire They should reflect that their children are surrounded during their waking hours not by home and parental influence but by the raw and untamed excesses of a reckless generation.

Knowing these facts, they should then ask themselves whether they feel sure enough of their ascendancy to be able to afford a dignified silence and an unprotesting tolerance in the face of the radical trends constantly taking form in a society of which their children are a more active and pliant part than they themselves.

# II—Twentieth Century, Limited

## *by* A MODERN MOTHER

BEFORE I describe what I gather, from reading and listening, to be the twentieth-century point of view in regard to sex ethics, I should like to ask Dr. Harvey whether people have been monogamous under monogamy, whether in the past we had any sex problems, and whether he agrees that, had contraceptive information been as widespread a few centuries ago as it now is, there might not have obtained, in the days of the good queen Victoria, a broader outlook.

I don't know how many cars and mink coats brides of Dr. Harvey's acquaintance require. All the young people I know who are marrying now seem quite willing to begin modestly, the girl continuing her job whenever possible. It isn't always pregnancy or her employer's fear of it that makes the continuance impossible. It is the simple fact that after marriage a woman is no longer an individual, with her future as worker dependent merely upon wages and working conditions. A married woman worker must reckon as much with the exigency of geography as with that of physiology. If the husband stays put, the wife's job may run for years; if not, she can hope for no future in a localized career. After all, a woman in America, sufficiently ambitious, can manage time out for confinements, but a refusal to live where her husband lives is something else again. A girl,



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however much in love, is no liability to her employer in so far as the continuity of her work is concerned, and I maintain that if she and her young man use any one of several contraceptives carefully and consistently there will be no pregnancy to inconvenience the person who pays her salary.

Even the clinics that admit to five- or ten-per-cent of failure in birth-control methods cannot tell you just how much of that failure is the result of carelessness. All of the accidental children of my married friends were due to laziness, or to "taking a chance." Certainly unmarried lovers should never have intercourse except with a strict adherence to some reliable means of control.

I agree with Dr. Harvey entirely that promiscuity, a series of clandestine affairs, casual and frequent sex indulgence, can work havoc with the psychic and physical well-being and appearance of both young men and young women. But those young people who haven't integrity and good taste in choosing their mates and a normal restraint in limiting the number of persons with whom they become intimate are going to be promiscuous and show the effects whether we clamp down on them or not. They always have and they always will. I venture to say that, under a new system of sane sex education, adapted to the world in which we live and with *some* experience as an essential part of it (as of any education), there would be fewer girls showing "shocking psychic effects" than under the old system applied to the present generation. In the past, many a girl in a know-all community has gone into amateur or professional prostitution not so much because of an abnormal sex appetite as because, having once given in to a normal, sincere passion, she became branded *Bad*. Thanks to a ninety-five-per-cent efficiency today, many a future social menace has become a self-respecting wife, of use to her community.

And a boy may be a person of integrity regardless of what society rules. That inner being that controls action is motivated by a sense of balance in all things, inherent or acquired through an intelligent education, not by an obedience to external laws.

## II

SHOULD SOCIETY condone sex freedom between engaged couples? The conservative answer of the twentieth century must be, "Yes — with limitations." I have no statistics to show how many of the bona fide engagements which included a physical relationship, beyond the overstimulating petting which no number of chaperons in this motor age can prevent, reach the altar but I am sure that those which eventually lead to a ceremony are more likely than others to presage a good and enduring marriage. The best marriage that I know — one which has been entirely exclusive — was contracted by a young professional woman after three love affairs, with a young man who had had as many. They are excellent parents, content with each other and with the business of marriage and home. Perhaps they would have been all of that without early experience. I don't know. At least, unlike many other couples I know who were chaste before marriage, this pair has not the slightest interest in extra-marital flirtations.

Inventions aided by wise philosophers control human conduct, not reformers or reactionary teachings. A century ago feminine sexual chastity held its venerated position not because there was a positive good to society in it but because there was a positive danger to the family without it. If a spinster had sexual relations, she was more than likely to have a scandal, a baby, another ward for charity. If a wife had a lover, a baby her husband could not or would not claim. Aside from the fear of consequences — which automatically made intercourse outside of marriage a SIN — there was another deterrent: lack of opportunity. Formerly, men were not encountered hourly in any woman's life. It was, sometimes, a matter of social functions weeks or months apart. And having, by a miracle, met a man to whom she gave her heart, a woman, married or single, lived within a family, with no appreciable opportunity for illicit relations. Today it is only the woman who is out on her own, dependent on only herself for economic support and happiness, who has to decide whether or no she will live with a man she loves. A girl at home may see a petting party through to a logical conclusion once or twice. If she has been encouraged, as a part of her upbringing, to develop integrity in other things, she will apply it to sex and, having satisfied a normal curiosity, will wait for something which promises permanency for further indulgence.



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The prerogative of the human male to be the apparent aggressor was given him by society, not by nature. Not every man is a Don Juan at heart. Some girls *are* potential courtesans. Fortunately for the Hearth and Home, there are many men as domestically minded as there are women who are only maternal. Having been as strictly reared as were other girls of my generation and having had, therefore, to learn from observation and experience the facts of life that I know, I feel equipped, after two years in a girls' boarding school, four years in a coeducational college, two years in an East Side settlement, one year in a college for negro youth, seventeen years of marriage, and a wide acquaintance with other men and women, to say that women, having fewer external interests, are more erotic than men. Though, in general, they may not be so easily aroused sexually, once they are, their intensity puts men in the shade.

Some normal girls, I well know, would not be conscious of sex or suffer from sex repression if left alone to establish their code of conduct. But how many are willing to be left alone? It is the nature of a normal girl to look for her mate, and the urge to find him begins long before it is wise for her to bear children. Nature and social expediency are hopelessly at war here. She wants a boy friend as she wants pretty clothes and invitations to parties and, once she has him, she is conscious of sex.

## III

A FEW WEEKS ago I sat in on a conference on youth and sex in Westchester County, New York, where, I hear, we're thought pretty modern. Attending it were a minister, two physicians, two teachers, two welfare workers, several businessmen, and fathers and mothers of adolescent boys and girls. The consensus of opinion was that, all things rightly considered, a young couple past eighteen with mutual affection, who for any one of many possible reasons could not marry, should not be socially ostracized if they, in peace and dignity, wished to live together in whatever way they could manage. Restraint in matters pertaining to sex before full development was attained should be as much a part of the morale of youth as restraint in the use of alcohol and tobacco. That *willingness* to self-discipline could come about, it was agreed, only through individual education, which should begin with the parents' frank, unemotional answering of all questions; with opportunity to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the opposite sex before adolescence; and with an enlightened attitude of mind in the treatment of any premature encounters which might occur.

"I've given my nineteen-year-old daughter the same contraceptive information that I have found reliable," one dignified mother who had been a practicing physician stated. "She may not need it until she marries. She asked for it, and I gave it to her as, when she was a child, I answered all her questions about sex as I answered those — that I could! — about history, architecture, religion, or horticulture. For years she has bought her own clothes, planned her own activities with adequate wisdom and taste. I don't think she is any more likely to run wild in her sexual life than in her social life. She may come in for some bad times — but what woman in any generation has had smooth sailing on that turbulent sea? But I think she is less likely to than those of our day who were reared in ignorance and smothered with a false protection."

"But," someone inquired, "do young men today respect girls who 'step out'?"

"I can answer that one," the minister stated. "I've made it a point in the past few years, whenever the opportunity occurred, to question young men in my parish about their feelings on this subject of virginity. With only an occasional variation, they have said that, while wife hunting, they would run from a promiscuous girl but that they would not let the fact of a former love affair alone deter them from marriage. In fact one young college man said, 'I'd feel safer in my choice if my girl had had *some* experience. I'd know she wasn't marrying me to satisfy her curiosity and I'd feel, somehow, that she was a better judge of me.'"

Freedom of youth is here, and only by dropping out of our race experience the past one hundred years, with the industrial revolution, the feminist movement, the teaching of the Viennese psychologists, the well-nigh perfected state of contraceptives and the automobile, can it be destroyed. There are dangers in it, as in all freedoms, but they can be lessened only by an open-minded intelligence adapted to the present, never by a blind adherence to what was good in the past.



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# She Never Gave Up

## *Lifesaver Lillian Wald*

*by* **JEROME BEATTY**

LILLIAN D. WALD is a woman with a backbone of tempered steel, a heart as big as a house, and the courage of all the lions in Africa. Many other noble men and women have devoted their lives to fighting for those who are suffering from hunger and illness and injustice. But few have won as many battles. Lillian Wald has lived to see the world grow better and to know that she helped. That's all the reward she asks.

While her name is a famous name in New York City and among social workers everywhere, the average person is more familiar with the Henry Street Settlement in New York City and the Visiting Nurse Service, which she founded 43 years ago; the Federal Children's Bureau, which she conceived and helped persuade President Taft to inaugurate; and the public-health nursing services in schools, in isolated sections, and for policyholders of life-insurance companies — all of which she originated. She has been called the greatest single contributor to the public health of America.

Two years ago the Visiting Nurse Fund in New York City was raising $550,000, and someone thought it would be a stimulating idea to tell the public how many lives had been saved by Lillian Wald, directly and indirectly, and how many hungry and sick all over the world had been cared for as a result of her influence. The figures ran into hundreds of thousands and included underprivileged in Russia, South Africa, and China, but they never were issued. "Miss Wald would be furious," said an executive.

Lillian Wald is 69 years old and lives in a little white house in Saugatuck, Connecticut, 45 miles from Broadway. For 4 years she has been an invalid, confined with cardiac trouble so serious that she walks with difficulty. She has installed a tiny elevator that she calls a "glorified dumb-waiter." She loves it as a child loves an electric train and, scorning all assistance, uses it merrily for easy passage between the first and second floors. It is almost the only thing she has owned that she hasn't given away.

Miss Wald received me in her second-floor study. There were books and flowers and antiques and ancient brasses and a couch facing the window, and she sat there immaculate in a dark, figured hostess gown, gay in golden slippers and hose to match, smiling, erect, and unconquerable.

She rejects indignantly any suggestion that she has "retired." She is far from New York, Albany, and Washington, her favorite battle grounds, but for a few hours every day she sees visitors, dictates letters and telegrams, and uses the long-distance telephone, still working for her cause. That's the life she loves. "I have made no sacrifice," she insists.

She has a passionate love for children, and almost her only moments of relaxation are when they come from nearby homes and she has a grand time watching them play with her most precious possession, the elevator.

Her resolute mind needs no life, and she is as attractive, as quick-witted, and as dramatic a storyteller as in the days when influential families sought her as a dinner guest, though — because of her effective methods of obtaining contributions — wealthy men good-humoredly groaned, "It costs $5,000 to sit next to Lillian Wald at dinner."

### DISCOVERING THE OTHER HALF

WHEN LILLIAN WALD was quite young, her Jewish father, a successful oculist, moved the family from Cincinnati to Rochester, New York. She was properly educated in Miss



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Crittenden's English and French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls. Influenced by relatives who were physicians, she went to New York City to become a nurse — in those days a strange profession for a cultured girl to adopt.

Three years of training prepared her for what might have been a responsible but pleasant life as a doctor's assistant. Eventually her vitality and executive ability might have carried her to a comfortable and lucrative position in a hospital for the rich. But Miss Wald and Mary Brewster, another nurse, beautiful young girls, at the age when most are thinking of beaux and dances and pretty perfumed frocks, were asked to go to New York's East Side to lecture to mothers on the care of the sick. They agreed, casually and with no suspicion of the almost unbelievable misery and filth and disease they were to find.

Miss Wald was telling a group how to make beds, when a child came, asking for help, and led her to a foul tenement where in 2 rooms lived 9 pitifully undernourished persons, most of them sleeping on the floor and in no need of lessons in bedmaking. The head of the family was a cripple who was out exposing his deformities as he begged for pennies to buy food. On a bed, suffering from a hemorrhage, lay a helpless woman who had not been touched for 2 days.

No one ever had told 26-year-old Lillian Wald that such suffering existed. A self-respecting scrubwoman might have fled, nauseated at the sight, but Miss Wald pitched in, bathed the woman, washed linen, sent for a doctor, cleaned up the miserable rooms, and hours later left, shaken by what she had seen. She and her friend, she declared, would promptly take care of all the people like that. She believed this was an isolated case. She was to learn there were thousands in her own little neighborhood.

More nurses were needed and she thought it would be easy to provide them. Once people knew of these frightful conditions they would contribute money to alleviate them, and laws would be passed so such things could not occur.

Lillian Wald had not learned that hearts as big as hers were hard to find, and at first she was dumbfounded when people were lukewarm, even when she told of such cases as the mother and newborn babe who died of infection because the midwife left, in the midst of the operation, upon discovering that the 21-year-old husband had only a dollar; and of the almost insane child whose only treatment had been at the hands of a "witch doctor"; and of the 3 children with typhoid fever who lay in a room in which the tired mother was "doing" a wash and who had no pillows to lie upon because they had been sold to buy food — and how the untutored mother, after the nurse had bathed and fed the children and through her quick skill turned them back from death, kissed the nurse's hand and cried, "Oh, God, is that what I should have been doing for my babies?"

People like that, Miss Wald was assured, *have* to suffer. Nobody's ever been able to do anything about it. You might as well give up.

### Birth of the Henry Street Settlement

Lillian Wald never gives up. She found a powerful ally in the late Jacob H. Schiff and with his contributions, added to those sent regularly by her thoroughly sympathetic mother, established in 1893 in Henry Street the first visiting-nurse service in the world.

Jane Addams had founded Hull House in Chicago 4 years before. The social-settlement movement, born in England in 1884, was spreading in the United States, but it was concerned primarily with furnishing recreation and education and relieving poverty. Charity clinics and religious bodies nursed only a few of the poor. Lillian Wald's idea was to help the sick of every creed and color. Nobody had thought of that before, and, although there was no precedent to help, neither was there red tape to hinder. "We had no design for living," she told me, "no time to plan for the future. But if I were starting today I would work in the same way — not taking time to worry and wonder about things but just going ahead and doing what had to be done." Throughout her life, Lillian Wald has just been doing what had to be done, while others stood by and worried and wondered.

The Service grew rapidly, and at the end of ten years figures were gathered to check the efficiency of Miss Wald's nurses on pneumonia cases, which test a nurse's ability to the utmost. In 1 year her nurses had cared for 3,535 cases,



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in homes, with a mortality rate of 8.05 per cent. In the same period, the rate in 4 large New York City hospitals was 31.2 per cent.

Early in the work, Mr. Schiff and the other members of the Board of Directors took up the subject of Miss Wald's salary as Head Worker. She was not only directing the nursing service, but developing the House on Henry Street into a model settlement comparable to Jane Addams' Hull House. "If I have executive ability," Miss Wald said, "it is God-given and comes without effort, and that I will throw into the pot. I am a nurse and to the end will accept only the same salary as is paid to the others."

A few years ago members of the Board made up a fund to support her in comfort as she grew older. Wisely they tied it up so she couldn't give it all away.

The Henry Street service today has 265 nurses, who make 550,000 visits a year in New York City. They never refuse to respond to a call. For 38 years Miss Wald had a telephone beside her bed, and all night calls went direct to her. Early in her experience she found that patients wanted to pay something but that nearly half of them were too poor. Those who can afford it pay from 5 cents a call to $1.15.

Visiting-nurse services now are found throughout the world, many even in China and Japan, conducted by former associates of Miss Wald. At the invitation of the Commissar of Health of Soviet Russia in 1924, she went to the U.S.S.R., where they showed her their worst health conditions and asked her how to cure them. Secretly she likes to think she helped a little in the miracle of the Dionne quintuplets, for the late wife of Dr. Allan R. Dafoe was a Henry Street nurse, and recently he told Miss Wald, "All I know about nursing I learned from my wife."

### Branching Out

Doing what had to be done, it was inevitable that Miss Wald should extend her activities beyond nursing and settlement work. At first, naïvely, she thought the way to get good laws passed was to make speeches about them. Soon she learned that nearly every reform is opposed by selfish interests and she rolled up her sleeves and fought lobbyists with lobbying. She had the faculty of making true friends in every stratum of society, and, when she went out for help to influence legislation, saloonkeepers joined bankers to help her.

Beginning with laws to clean the streets and remove the garbage in the Henry Street neighborhood, she moved to Albany as a leader in the war on sweatshops and bad housing and to Washington to help improve the conditions of immigrants, to attack child labor, and to work for the recognition by the United States of the Soviet Government. Every move to help the laborer and the underprivileged gained her quick support. She helped organize exploited women into unions and fed them when they were on strike. At times she joined the ranks of the picketers; she has been a walking delegate and is proud of it. She knows the bad points of organized labor. "But," she told me firmly, "when you learn what they're trying to get, it always is something fine."

Once she was with a wealthy friend who disapproved of her labor activities, and they saw a striker throw a stone through a window. "That's what you're encouraging," he reproved.

"I don't like force," she said, "or unrighteous strikes but I have observed that about the only difference in people in trouble is that sophisticated ones engage lawyers, primitive ones throw stones."

Because prohibition was a good thing for her people, she threw her strength against repeal. The fact that many who supported and contributed liberally to her causes were wet — including Alfred E. Smith, who as Governor of New York was one of her most powerful allies — did not cause her to pull her punches.

Throughout her career her visitors have included Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Ramsay MacDonald, William Dean Howells, many talented negroes, New York's Mayor LaGuardia, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles Evans Hughes, the world's most important social workers, leading politicians, communists, Mrs. Kelley and other residents of Henry Street, Rabindranath Tagore, John Galsworthy, Felix Warburg, Raymond B. Fosdick, Newton D. Baker — almost every man and woman who in the last 40 years has been genuinely interested in making the world better.

She belongs to no political party. She has voted for Republicans, Democrats and Socialists. She hopes President Roosevelt will be re-elected.



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## THE WAR THREATENS BUT DOES NOT DESTROY

HER DARK MOMENT came in 1914. The United States was rushing into war. Miss Wald, the friend of all races, was one of the brave women who led 1,200 of their sisters in a parade on Fifth Avenue, New York, as a protest against war. She became Chairman of the American Union against Militarism. She organized meetings, argued in Washington, fought furiously — and lost. But never gave up.

The draft began to call her boys. Many of them she had helped to bring into the world. Hundreds of them would have died in infancy or would have been cripples, had it not been for her nurses. Their lives had been saved and their bodies cared for so that they could be sent to France to be destroyed.

Small-minded women might have sulked, but Lillian Wald now pitched in to protect her boys as best she could. Many of her nurses were among the first to go. She gave a room for the office of a draft board. Her leading worker among the boys, with salary paid by the Henry Street Settlement, became Chairman of the Draft Board so the draft would be administered justly.

She had preached against war, but now her converts even among her own boys were swept by patriotism. They rushed eagerly into the army and when they became lieutenants and captains they came back proudly to show her their uniforms. That is, some of them came back proudly. Some of her boys, later, she helped to bury.

Now her labor was doubled. Her nursing staff was depleted, but the women and children at home had to be helped. Money for Henry Street was hard to get. One of her most generous contributors, because of Miss Wald's "unpatriotic" conduct, refused to give one cent more. Others, smugly viewing her as a red, rejected with caustic reproof her appeals for money.

I asked her: "Weren't there times when you were so tired you felt like compromising?"

"Never!" she declared. "The greatest sacrifice for peace still is not enough. Eventually people sent us enough money, because they respected our character. A friend told me, 'If you had taken another stand I never would have believed in another human being'."

The war ended, her nurses and most of her boys came home. The House on Henry Street operated efficiently again. Thinking people began to wonder if Lillian Wald hadn't been right. She was making headway in spreading propaganda for peace.

Then came the broadside from the Daughters of the American Revolution. Lillian Wald was put on their black list as a dangerous radical!

To be called a radical disturbed her not at all. But she was terribly hurt that such a body of women, who she believed should be supporting her every step and who, if they understood, could do so much to help her, should deliberately try to cripple her work.

Hearts were heavy in Henry Street, for her friends feared the black list would affect contributors and make Miss Wald less respected as a pleader for her causes. Their fears were foolish. Contributions increased. Letters and telegrams expressing confidence poured in upon her. So great had been their accomplishments that Lillian Wald and Henry Street were checked not even for a moment.

Today, with so much done for the underprivileged in the tenement districts (Miss Wald never uses the word *slum* and avoids describing people as "poor"), the cause nearest to her heart is her effort to develop a world-wide respect for human life — to culminate in universal peace.

But she has by no means neglected her first love. A few months ago she wrote an article for a magazine about the visiting nurses, and nearly 10,000 impoverished persons wrote her at her country home, telling pitiful tales of uncared-for sick and asking how nursing could be obtained. Miss Wald put on a staff of secretaries and answered every letter, in every case telling exactly how — through visiting-nurse services and the Red Cross.

Peace, as we generally think of it, meaning rest and quiet, is a sensation that Lillian Wald has brought to thousands — but, because of her great unselfish heart, never to herself. And she and the world are happier so.

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# America Self-Contained?

*by* **FRANK A. SOUTHARD, JR.**

CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR, who in the twilight of his life built a round-the-world steamship service, always insisted that only in commerce with the world does a nation enrich herself; that domestic trade is a mere swapping of jackknives. It's an old idea, and the truth in it is neither here nor there. The matter at moment is those persistent assertions that, far from being more important than domestic commerce, foreign trade is too inconsequential to justify any program for its preservation.[1]

Americans are eager to trade, nor does sectionalism deter them. New Yorkers do not reject oranges even though they are grown in California and Florida, nor do Texans refuse to wear clothes simply because they are imported from New England. A sense of community of interest, an acceptance of the economics of regional specialization, and a fortunate constitutional prohibition on interstate tariffs have preserved for us the greatest trading area in the world. Yes, domestic trade is thoroughly respectable: its favors are sought, it is coaxed and coddled, its pump is primed with federal billions, and the wavering line of its weekly temperature is news on the pages of every newspaper in the country. But foreign trade may flourish and be given small credit; it may sicken and die, and who is there save Secretary Hull to shed a tear?

We could dispense with much — conceivably all — of our foreign trade and still survive. For that matter we have discovered since 1929 that we can survive the loss of much of our *domestic* trade, but the process of survival has not been easy. Trade is trade: the loss of a million dollars' worth is no less acute merely because one party to the trade is a foreigner. There is no reason to believe that a Detroit automobile manufacturer is providing less employment, making a smaller contribution to national prosperity when his product is sold in nearby Canada than when it is sold in distant California. Neither the distance nor the nationality of the sale is of much consequence. Can it then be true that "international trade is an effect of domestic prosperity and not the cause of anything"?[2]

### WHAT IS TRADE, ANYWAY?

IN THE 5 YEARS just before the depression, the citizens of the United States sold annually almost $5,000,000,000 worth of goods to foreigners. In 1935 our exports were little more than $2,000,000,000. To be sure, the dollars were by then devalued, but so were the dollars in which domestic sales were recorded. In addition we receive from abroad the earnings of our ships in foreign service, the profits of our foreign properties, the dividends and interest on our holdings of foreign securities, and the money foreigners have newly invested here. Offsetting this income from abroad Americans annually buy foreign goods; travel abroad; make charitable remittances to foreigners; purchase foreign stocks, bonds, and properties; and pay interest and dividends to foreigners who own our securities. Buying and selling goods, services, securities is trade, whether between the United States and Canada or between New York and California. But for two things it would not occur to anyone to make the slightest distinction between foreign and domestic commerce: the fact that every

[1] *Latest and most ingenious of these briefs: Samuel Crowther,* $970,000,000 minus; A second primer, *published in September, 1935, by The Chemical Foundation Incorporated of New York. Also George N. Peck,* In and Out (Saturday Evening Post, *May 30, 1936, and the weeks following*).

[2] *The quotations in this article are, unless otherwise noted, from the pamphlet by Mr. Crowther, just cited.*



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country in the world uses a different currency and the age-old human propensity to distinguish between *we* and *they*, between the people inside the walls and those outside.

The international transactions of any country must balance, in order to prevent huge gold movements or vast frozen credits. But exports and imports consist of thousands of individually unrelated commercial transactions. The American importer of sugar from Cuba, for example, may be utterly unaware of the fact that on the same day another American shipped lard to Germany. Yet it may very well be that the dollars which he paid to the Cuban for the sugar were acquired by other Cubans to buy cutlery from Germany, thus providing the ever-scarce dollar exchange with which Germans paid for the lard. By transactions such as these, whether the trading of goods or securities, Americans acquire foreign exchange and foreigners obtain dollar exchange. What can the Americans do with that foreign exchange? Purchase foreign goods, services, or securities or convert it into gold to be brought back to the United States. And what can the foreigners do with their dollar exchange? Buy American goods, make payments to Americans. If, as in 1934, the United States imports huge quantities of gold, it simply means that, whether by definite governmental policy or not, Americans as a whole chose to purchase gold with part of the foreign exchange which they had acquired by selling goods, services, and securities to foreigners.

To state, therefore, that "imports of gold . . . wiped out our creditor position . . . and left us in debt to the world" is strange doctrine. Is a country which had sufficient surplus foreign exchange to import over $1,000,000,000 worth of gold in a year by that token in debt to the world? Apparently bewildered by the processes involved, Mr. Crowther asserts that when Americans buy foreign securities or foreigners buy American securities "capital assets" are "transferred." If I buy a $1,000 bond of the Canadian National Railway from a Canadian, are the capital assets of either the railway or the Canadian transferred to me? Or is it that my capital assets are transferred to Canada? Trading in stocks, bonds, and titles is surely so commonplace as not to be shrouded in new terms merely because the transaction crosses an international frontier. In any event, with American businessmen owning and controlling mines, plantations, forests, hydroelectric plants, stores, hotels, restaurants, motion-picture theaters, railroads, insurance companies, and factories all over the world, it does not appear that the transfer of capital assets, if any, has been altogether one-sided.

Much of this has been by the way; much of it is really rather unimportant, except that it has been picked up and magnified by people who seem somehow to think that by so doing they throw light on a vastly more important matter: Do we want to trade with the world?

## How Vital Is Our Foreign Commerce?

So often that too many people believe it, it has been asserted and insisted that, since at most we export but 10 per cent of our physical production in any year, it is a matter of small consequence whether the export trade flourishes or whether it languishes. Let us examine this proposition. Even upon the fantastic assumption that foreign sales are spread evenly over the whole productive establishment of the United States, so that each industry exported only about 10 per cent of its output, it still would not be true that exports are unimportant. Does anyone know of an industry in this country that is so prosperous, so embarrassed by orders that a mere matter of a 10-per-cent decrease in business is too trivial for comment? In normal times our gainfully employed are estimated at about 49,000,000 men and women (and, unfortunately, children). Ten per cent of that number are almost 5,000,000. Is there anyone prepared to assert, on behalf of these 5,000,000 workers, that the export trade which provides them employment is of no particular concern to the United States?

But the exports of this country are not spread evenly, as the accompanying table shows. Half of them consist of goods produced by enterprises which ship from 11 to over 70 per cent of their output to foreign markets. These are great industries, employing hundreds of thousands of workers in the production of



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PROPORTION OF OUTPUT EXPORTED AND VALUE OF EXPORTS OF THE PRINCIPAL EXPORTING INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES, 1929 AND 1933

| *Commodity* | *Proportion of production exported (in per cent)* | | *Value of exports (in thousands of dollars)* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *1929* | *1933** | *1929* | *1933* |
| Crude materials | | | | |
| Raw cotton | 54.8 | 64.9 | $770,830 | $398,212 |
| Leaf tobacco | 41.2 | 34.3 | 145,763 | 82,094 |
| Phosphate rock | 41.0 | 45.0 | 5,387 | 3,544 |
| Foodstuffs | | | | |
| Lard | 33.3 | 23.4 | 107,977 | 34,432 |
| Canned sardines | 53.5 | 26.1 | 9,419 | 1,387 |
| Linseed cake | 43.6 | 50.4 | 16,604 | 5,879 |
| Fresh pears | 22.3 | 19.3 | 4,832 | 3,696 |
| Fresh apples | 15.5 | 11.6 | 33,137 | 13,097 |
| Dried fruit | 46.0 | 39.7 | 34,281 | 21,762 |
| Canned fruit | 22.8 | 21.1 | 31,365 | 17,132 |
| Semimanufactures | | | | |
| Patent leather | 25.4 | 46.5 | 6,856 | 4,274 |
| Gum rosin | 60.8 | 71.4 | 17,706 | 6,540 |
| Gum turpentine | 50.6 | 57.9 | 8,530 | 5,781 |
| Wood doors | 6.7 | 16.4 | 3,987 | 2,015 |
| Kerosene | 35.4 | 18.0 | 83,798 | 19,209 |
| Lubricating oil | 31.4 | 29.9 | 102,899 | 55,389 |
| Lubricating grease | 40.6 | 35.9 | 6,111 | 2,954 |
| Paraffin wax | 50.7 | 42.5 | 14,074 | 6,979 |
| Carbons and electrodes | 18.1 | 21.7 | 3,088 | 1,899 |
| Crude sulphur | 35.1 | 31.9 | 17,629 | 9,878 |
| Refined copper | 36.2 | 66.0 | 148,436 | 16,931 |
| Finished manufactures | | | | |
| Radio apparatus | 5.6 | 14.4 | 23,122 | 16,126 |
| Mining, pumping machinery | 18.5 | 15.2 | 54,449 | 13,504 |
| Power metalworking machinery | 14.7 | 23.2 | 33,439 | 8,158 |
| Sewing machines | 29.8 | 35.0 | 12,189 | 3,356 |
| Printing, bookbinding machinery | 27.6 | 38.8 | 19,061 | 5,680 |
| Office appliances | 30.2 | 27.0 | 54,754 | 15,768 |
| Agricultural implements | 25.1 | 29.7 | 140,801 | 12,215 |
| Automobiles | 12.0 | 10.9 | 539,298 | 90,630 |
| Aircraft and engines | 13.0 | 37.3 | 9,126 | 9,180 |
| Benzol | 26.1 | 14.0 | 8,537 | 1,594 |
| Coal-tar dyes | 13.2 | 9.0 | 7,279 | 4,653 |
| Borax | 47.0 | 46.0 | 2,935 | 2,498 |
| Carbon black | 32.4 | 40.0 | 8,271 | 5,552 |
| Total | | | $2,485,970 | $902,096 |
| Total, all exports | | | $5,157,083 | $1,647,220 |

* Or 1931, where 1933 statistics are not available.
Sources: publications of the United States Department of Commerce.

cotton, tobacco, lard, canned and dried fruit, apples, pears, naval stores, petroleum, sulphur, radios, mining machinery, sewing machines, printing machinery, office equipment, agricultural implements, aircraft and engines, automobiles, carbon black. And, as the reader glances down the percentages shown in the table, which industry will he select as being able to survive the loss of its foreign markets without drastic reorganization?

Take a single and moderate case. Even in a year of depression, such as 1931, the radio manufacturers employed between 35,000 and 40,000 workers. At the present rate of export, about 5,000 of these workers produce radios for sale abroad. An increase or decrease of only 10 per cent in radio exports would subtract or add 500 jobs in the factories alone, not to mention those involved in the handling and selling end of the trade and in the production of the



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raw materials needed. I well recall a day at the hearings on the proposed trade agreement with Canada in Washington in March, 1935, when the representative of the apple and pear growers of the West asked what government scheme was to be devised if, with a continued loss of foreign sales, 20 per cent of the orchard acreage would be deprived of its normal outlet. And who has yet proposed adequate uses for land and workers now engaged in producing cotton and tobacco for foreign consumption? Do not mistake me; I do not insist that these disasters are either necessary or imminent. But they are being brought dangerously close by organized opposition to any intelligent reconstruction of our international commercial policy, a reconstruction which would be in the interest of the whole people.

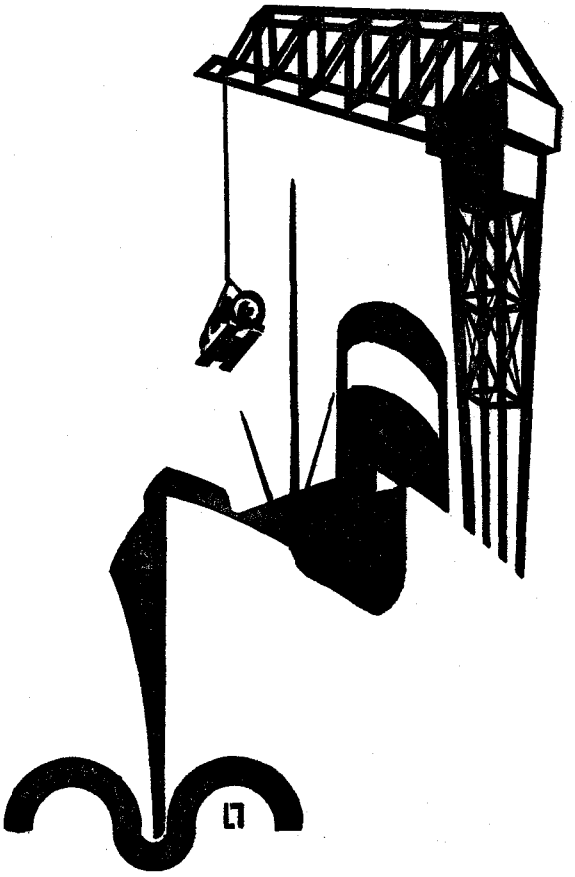
## Costly Nationalism

Not only are exports vital to many American industries, but these industries are indispensable to the United States. It is self-evident that those producers who continue to export hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods yearly in these days of international disorganization must be using efficient processes ideally suited to American labor and to American resources. Not only do they withstand foreign competition in our own market but they invade foreign markets with repeated success. It would be fantastic indeed if, on the demand of weaker industries, we were to adopt a "realistic" American world policy which would have as its inescapable consequence the gradual strangulation of the foreign markets on which so many of our producers and our workers depend. An example of this species of realism is the proposal to exclude Canadian newsprint and wood pulp from the United States in order to create at most 70,000 jobs,[1] regardless of or, worse, indifferent to the fact that we will lose each year at least $100,000,000 worth of export sales to Canada alone, with consequent heavy unemployment in the export industries.[2] Exactly why we should prefer to expend our labor and our capital producing newsprint, in which we have little advantage, rather than the automobiles, typewriters, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, engines, mining machinery which we export to Canada and in the production of which we lead the world is one of those mysteries of nationalistic economics which as a simple college professor I cannot comprehend.

A strange statistical twist seems to afflict those persons who belittle our export trade. When they discover that but 10 per cent of our total production is exported they exclaim that 10 per cent is an altogether insignificant magnitude. Yet these same persons are invariably convinced that imports are nothing more than the bread out of the mouths of American workers, although the imports of the United States are always smaller in value than the exports and thus must be even less than 10 per cent of our total domestic trade. Told that we export 10 per cent of our automobiles, this sort of person is unimpressed; informed that if the

[1] *Estimate of the United States Forest Service in the famous Copeland Report of 1931.*

[2] *Even at the lowest prices on record, imports of newsprint and wood pulp exceed that amount, and by that amount* at least *our exports would have to decline if for no other reason (and there are compelling reasons) than that Canada would exclude them in desperate retaliation.*





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tariff were reduced we might import as much as 1½ per cent of our cattle, he is horrified.

We accept the plain and simple principle of reciprocity. We recognize that, even as a matter of practical policy, the State of Ohio, for example, could not long survive as a welcome member of this Union if her citizens determined to buy nothing from beyond the borders of the State. In international trade there is an additional factor which imposes upon the members of the family of nations the necessity of a reasonable degree of reciprocity. Even Mr. Crowther admits that in "an abstract way, it is true that goods eventually must be bought with goods and hence imports will balance exports." Offhand, truths would appear to be truths, even though abstract. But this critic explains his reluctance to attach any "practical" importance to the truth of international reciprocity thus:

> The dollar that a seller gets for goods has no more purchasing power than a dollar he gets by a loan. And he will spend his dollar in the market place of the seller or lender only if that market happens to contain what he wants at the lowest price.

That explanation leaves something to be desired. We asked earlier in this article and we ask again: What will the foreigner do with the dollars he has obtained by selling goods and services to Americans, unless he spends them in the United States? The hard, unavoidable fact is that United States dollars, whether in currency or exchange, are worthless except within the territories of the United States. Nor is that statement belied by the fact known to every tourist that his dollar traveling checks — even his dollar bills — are accepted in foreign countries without question. They are accepted because there is always a demand in those countries for dollar exchange with which to buy American goods and to pay debts owed to Americans.

If foreigners are to buy our goods or our services, they must somehow be placed in possession of dollar exchange. Unless we are prepared to *loan* progressively larger amounts of dollars to them, foreigners can obtain them only by selling us goods, services, property, securities, or gold. If we refuse to buy their goods, we eliminate the most normal source of dollar exchange. The shortage of dollar exchange in the hands of foreigners which would then result would in itself be enough to cut down our exports. But nations are somewhat impetuous, rather disinclined to await such devious processes. As a result, tariffs are met by tariffs, and foreign trade is lost between hostile walls.

### The Trade-Agreements Program

In 1934 the Congress of the United States authorized the Executive to enter into negotiations with foreign countries for the purpose of providing new opportunities for the sale of American products in world markets. This is not a policy designed to collect war debts, although some critics seem disappointed that it is not.[1] It is not a device to subsidize or "increase exports at any price." And it is not a policy by which "our nation . . . is now being sold out . . . to the lowest bidders." It is only this: a patient, expert, cautious examination of our import trade and of our export markets, to determine which of our tariffs may be reduced [2] as a means of inducing foreign countries to admit our products to their markets on more favorable terms. Here is no blanket capricious reduction of American tariffs to suit the whims and fancies of a few free traders. There has never been, in the history of the United States, a more painstaking and elaborate searching of the facts in order to arrive at a commercial policy which will promise the greatest benefit to the largest number of Americans. And that fact must not be covered over by the protests of the spokesmen of a few industries who fear that in the process of reciprocation the tariff under which they operate may suffer a reduction.

There have been many exaggerated criticisms made of the trade-agreements program. It has been asserted that the hearings are "perfunctory"; that there is "no reason to believe that the officials . . . even look at the testimony"; that "none of the agreements disclose the slightest interest in the welfare of the United States"; that they give only "sneer-

[1] *It has even been urged that the United States sequestrate the "American property of the citizens of such nations as are indebted to us" — a dangerous act for a government whose citizens own such extensive enterprises in foreign countries!*

[2] *The maximum reduction permitted by law is 50 per cent.*



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ing lip service to the principle of reciprocity"; and that the officials given the responsibility of this program are inexperienced and unrepresentative. These are grave indictments, and they demand a reply.

As soon as it is announced that the United States proposes to negotiate a trade agreement with a foreign country, a date is set for hearings at which anyone may appear either to protest any reduction in the United States tariff on his product or to urge that efforts be made to obtain a reduction of restrictions by the foreign power. These hearings are not perfunctory. Every government official and expert who is to assist in the groundwork for the proposed agreement is given copies of both the oral testimony and the sworn statements. I can state as a matter of personal knowledge and experience that those statements are read and discussed. Furthermore, every letter reaching any government department concerning the proposed agreement is promptly abstracted for the use of the experts working on it.

Meantime, an interdepartmental committee of experts will be working to determine the duty reductions to be requested from the foreign country and the reductions in our tariff to be offered in return. These men have had wide experience. The 30 economists of the Tariff Commission, for example, have studied as graduate students in 26 colleges and universities here and abroad; they have taught in 35 colleges and universities; they have served on the staffs of 43 private and public research and executive organizations; and, not least in importance, they have had practical experience in 30 separate fields of commerce, industry, and finance. These economists have daily and intimate access to commodity experts in every government department. In the Tariff Commission alone, of the 56 experts, 91 per cent have had practical industrial experience. In the metals division, for example, the experts averaged 10 years in mining and metallurgy before joining the Commission; in the textile division, 16 years in the textile industry; and, in the chemicals division, 12 years in chemical research and manufacture. In addition, 90 per cent of these men hold college degrees, and over half of them have had postgraduate training in their professions. On the average, they have spent 13 years in various branches of the government service. And on the Trade Agreements Committee charged with the execution of the program there are about a dozen men who have spent long years in agriculture and industry and in the service of the state both at home and abroad. Whatever else they may be, these men are neither inexperienced nor unrepresentative.

### Don't Shut the Gate Hastily!

The groundwork for a single trade agreement will occupy at least 6 months of the full-time efforts of a large staff. Every import from the country in question must be carefully analyzed in order to determine the competitive strength of the domestic industry, the degree to which (if at all) a tariff reduction may be made without undesirable economic repercussions. Every export to the foreign country must be scrutinized to ascertain how badly hampered it is by tariff and quota restrictions and what prospect there is for increased trade if lower tariffs or larger quotas can be obtained.

Ultimately, after the Trade Agreements Committee has studied, discussed, and approved the proposals of the experts and after they have been sanctioned by the President and after tedious and delicate negotiations are carried out with the foreign power, the agreement is signed and put into operation. Yet, no matter what advantage it promises for the export of American goods, if it reduces so much as a single tariff in our whole schedule, it will arouse the bitterest and most unrestrained opposition by the industry and locality concerned.

It matters not that the reduction of duty may be in raw sugar in agreement with Cuba,[1] a product on which for long years every American citizen has paid his share of the subsidy provided by the tariff to keep the sugar-beet farmer in production. The ever present critic insists that, by the *reduction* in this tariff which has so long burdened the consumer, "the American housewife was involuntarily taxed about 2 cents in the pound. . . ." What

[1] *In this article we have little space for statistical proof of the concrete advantages of trade agreements, but it may be remarked that, in the year following the signing of the agreement with Cuba, her imports from the United States increased in quantity by more than 50 per cent!*



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mysteries arithmetic apparently contains! How voluntarily the housewife has paid the tariff on sugar all these years this critic does not venture to guess.

Or, take the newly ratified agreement with Brazil, which offers American exporters reductions on 67 tariff classifications, including automobiles, trucks, tires, rubber goods, radios, paints, varnishes, soap, cotton goods, leather, steel furniture, gasoline pumps, canned goods, and so on. This, one might suppose, is an agreement which will please even the sharpest critic, since in return for these concessions the only important duty reduction by the United States is on manganese ore, of which, despite a tariff of around 100 per cent, we are obliged to import upwards of 90 per cent of our total supply. But no; we are told that the reduction in manganese "makes the steel industry of the United States subservient to the will of Great Britain" in event of war! Just why the American steel industry should pay heavy tribute to domestic manganese-mine owners during all the years of peace to avoid being "subservient" in time of war is another question our critic leaves unanswered. Nor does he offer any valid reason for our failure to husband our scant domestic supplies of manganese ore in time of peace, rather than hastening their exhaustion by the subsidy offered through excessive tariff protection.

We revert again to the insistent query: Do we want to trade with the world? Or are our industries so vulnerable, our labor so unskilled, our businessmen so inferior that only behind an impenetrable tariff wall can our industrial system remain alive? Do we believe that friendly and vast trade relations with Canada, for example, are profitable and desirable? Or do we prefer to shut out all goods "wherever foreign competition is interfering with American production"? The first road leads to greater efficiency, more trade at home and abroad, and healthy international relations. The second leads to international hostility, subsidized industries, and higher costs. Whichever road America takes, it must be not by decisions based on the testimony of biased and special interests but by the free and enlightened choice of the whole people.

## *Blue Cartwheels*

*Why cartwheels should be blue, he could not say,*
*But he knew they should. His father's were,*
*And that pair, taller than a good man, which*
*The oxen of his grandfather used to draw.*
*Why, blue on work-day wheels was one of those*
*Things like putting boys in overalls*
*Once they got steady on their pins and could*
*Go after cows and take care of themselves,*
*And tend to things their mothers used to tend.*
*And sure enough, all overalls were blue.*
*There wasn't any reasoning it out,*
*It went with folks, like courting and like mating.*
*Blue was the color, blue for men and work.*
*It looked good on a man and good on wheels,*
*And that was surely all there was to say.*
*Folks did not ask why frostflowers should be blue*
*When they frosted fields and closed the year.*
*They looked right in blue, and men's legs did,*
*When men were pitching hay or planting corn.*
*Blue was the color, blue for men and wheels.*

**Robert P. Tristram Coffin**



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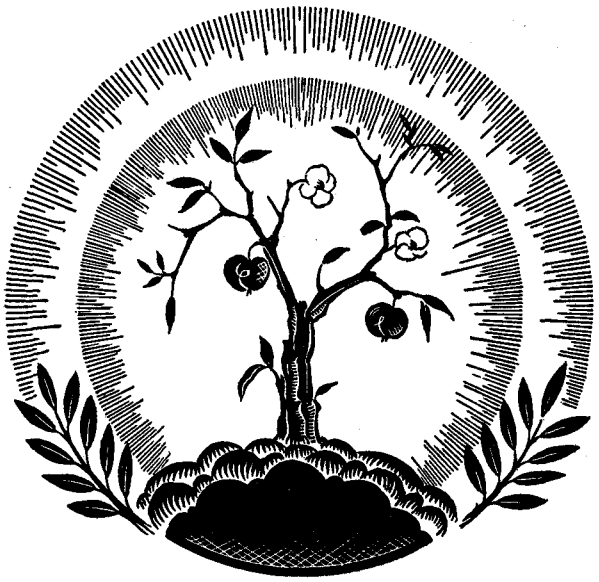
# How the Blind See

## *What Is This "Sixth Sense"?*

*by* **GABRIEL FARRELL**



MANY PEOPLE profess astonishment at the way persons without sight get about public highways; they marvel at the unusual ability that enables the blind to sense the presence of objects and avoid passing dangers. Often, at concerts or demonstrations of work by the pupils of the institution for the blind of which I am director, visitors are skeptical about their degree of visual handicap. Their attitude is — "They just can't be blind!" Such skepticism raises the question: Can the blind see? And to this question we who are interested in those with impaired vision give an unequivocal answer: Yes. The blind can see — but not with their eyes.

And if not with their eyes, then how? That question is not so easy to answer. For years it has perplexed students and scientists, seeing people and those without sight. A blind man once said to me, "I don't know how I know that I am approaching a tree but I know that I am. Without fail I know that a tree is before me as I walk toward it. With the sense of obstacles that I possess, I can avoid crashing into the tree, and that, after all, is the most important fact for a blind person. With my fingers I can discover the size, shape, and texture of the trunk. From the bark I can tell the kind of tree and then I can visualize the branches and the leaves. If it is springtime and the right kind of a tree, I can share in the fragrance of the blossoms. In short, I can see that tree — all except the color."

But is color the supreme element of vision, or the primary part of beauty? Shape and form and texture are all factors of equal value, and these the blind person can "see." Certainly enough sense perceptions may be recorded to make a picture without color. Another factor enters here, for, if the individual has previously seen with his eyes, visual memory enables him to build up pictures, color and all, just as seeing people may visualize scenes which they have never viewed but of which they have read descriptions. Sight, according to a blind man, is long-distance touch with the sensation of color added.

Many are ready to grant that the blind can "see" in so far as an appreciation of beauty is concerned, but a more practical aspect is what causes people with sight to wonder. They want to know how a person totally without sight can walk down a city street — how obstacles are avoided and how a blind person finds his way about. The fact that people with impaired vision do get about with an astonishing readiness is generally granted. But how remains a mystery.

### II

MANY REFER to this unique ability of blind people to avoid obstacles and get about as a "sixth sense," as though it could be as



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easily localized as sight or hearing. As a matter of fact, three distinct elements enter into this power. In addition to the sense of obstacles, which is the most obvious and is most frequently meant by the term "sixth sense," there is the factor known as the substitution of the senses, or compensation, and also the faculty of orientation built upon muscular memory. All three enter into the abilities credited to the "sixth sense."

Muscular memory is the easiest to accept, for nearly everyone has acquired the ability to walk about in his own home in the darkness of the night and to circumnavigate pieces of furniture when they are in familiar places. We readily memorize the number of steps in a flight of stairs and where the turns are. In like manner the blind learn to walk about familiar places, because muscular memory registers distances between obstacles for which digressions must be made. Living at Perkins Institution, we see many evidences of this, and it is often difficult to believe that our pupils are without sight when they unhesitatingly run about and unerringly make their way from one classroom to another.

Outside my office is a walk leading to the girls' cottages. A little beyond the window the walk turns to go along the end of the building. Many times in the fall I see a girl walk along, hesitate, go back a bit, and then begin to clap her hands. Soon she stops clapping and steps briskly around the corner. She has not yet learned how long that walk is and is getting her bearings by listening for the reverberation from the brick wall of the building. When the vibrations of clapping cease to return, she knows that she is beyond the building and that the turn can be made. This happens only at the beginning of the school year when there are new girls. The older pupils have learned their way, and soon the new ones establish landmarks and develop muscular memory.

## III

THE SECOND factor, the substitution of senses, or the compensation that comes through substitution, is more difficult to understand, perhaps because it is based on a deeply rooted fallacy. For years people have believed that because a person is blind the other senses of touch, smell, hearing, and taste become automatically more acute. This is far from the truth, but it is the source of the many legends that cause people to marvel about those without sight.

That the surviving senses of the blind are not more acute than those of people who can see has been proved in many experiments. Pierre Valley, the late blind professor of literature of Caen University in France, whose psychological study of the blind is an accepted authority, has made such tests and reported:

> We certainly knew that it was not enough to become blind for the acuteness of the other senses suddenly to be doubled. We knew that there was no miracle hidden under the substitution of senses, that it was not a kind of providential and miraculous compensation by which nature repaid her victims. We considered it certain that it was due entirely to the intense exercise to which the remaining senses are submitted.

The cost in time and mental energy that the blind pay for the ability to compensate for the loss of sight few seeing people can ever realize. Here at Perkins our first aim is to assist in this difficult task. Following adjustment that leads to acceptance of blindness, we begin to develop sensory acuity. In every possible way we train our pupils to make up for the lost sense, but the attainment of compensation depends upon the will and determination of the pupil. It is easy, therefore, to understand why the blind resent the common belief that the substitution of senses is a free gift of God. It is a hard-earned accomplishment acquired at a cost of untold energy and endeavor.

The first step in the acquiring of compensation is the development of finger dexterity and acuity. For the finger becomes the eye of the blind. With it a person with impaired vision reads, and through it he "sees," by feeling, all objects that come within his reach. Early in our school program we have to make that member of the body keen enough to sense the complexity of the dots of the Braille system, which is the keystone of the education of the blind. This is not always easy. In the first place it violates one of the fundamental laws of education. It calls for the early exercise of the small muscles and not the large, as should be the case. Sometimes we fail. One little boy here last year had a disease which destroyed the ends of his fingers. Another little girl could not seem to acquire acuity in her fingers. A resourceful teacher, however, discovered that her tongue was sensitive to the dots of Braille, and



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the mystery of words was opened to that child through her tongue. Of course individual books and lesson papers were provided especially for her.

In addition to acquiring an acute sense of touch the blind pupil must also build up a wide and varied association of physical and mental elements with tactile impressions. The raised dots on the paper must convey to the finger the impression that seeing people receive when looking at the printed word. In the same way the multiple impressions received through the other senses must be associated with ideas or objects. And all these impressions and associations must be organized and made available for recall as the mind functions.

In addition to feeling, the other senses are also stimulated, somewhat by training but mostly by experience. Latent powers that a seeing person never realizes are called into daily use by the handicapped.

Taking into consideration all these factors, our plea to the seeing world is to set aside the old fallacy of compensation and to judge the blind not by what they have lost but by what they have acquired. Rule out the pity and admiration and accept a blind man as you would any other man.

## IV

We come now to the idea of the sense of obstacles as the third factor in the "sixth sense." It was given first place at the beginning of our analysis because it is the factor which causes most people to marvel. Again, we must say that it is difficult to explain this sense, so apparent and yet so elusive. I once heard a boy say, "——— is the smartest fellow I know. He can sense a telegraph pole at fifteen feet." The young man referred to is smart in other ways too, for he wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and stands first in scholarship in the present senior class of a school of law. But how does this young man sense a telegraph pole at fifteen feet? I asked him that question, and here is his reply:

> The only way that I can describe the feeling that I experience when approaching an obstacle is to say that it is like stepping into a shadow projected from the object. Although I have no light perception whatever, I feel a definite sense of darkness which warns me of the obstacle in my path. I have this feeling not only for objects directly ahead but also of those by the side of the road. Sometimes when walking down Beechwood Avenue [a street near Perkins] in the middle of the road, I am so aware of the trees on either side that I almost think that I can see them. This is especially so at night, for I sense objects more keenly in the dark than in the daytime.

Asked why he thought that that was so he said, "I think it is primarily due to the fact that there is less noise at night. Noise confuses me more than anything else." Yet this young man, who lost his sight completely at the age of ten, goes to Boston daily by trolley and walks about with an assurance that makes it difficult for strangers to know that he has no sight. The sense of obstacles developed early in this law student, for it is still related that as a boy in the Lower School he could sense a tree with such accuracy that he could hit it with a snowball.

In order to supplement this individual experience and to get firsthand information from others, I asked two groups here at the school to discuss the sense of obstacles with me.

The first group consisted of two retired women teachers and one of our older men teachers. All three possess a keen sense of obstacles, even though each lost his sight at a different age. Both women are aware of objects, and one, who lost her sight at the age of ten, can visualize a tree as she approaches it; the other, who has been blind since birth, has no idea of what a tree looks like. The latter maintained that alertness is the primary factor in employing the sense of obstacles. One must always be attentive, she claimed, to become aware of objects. Whereupon the first woman said: "That is the reason I carry a cane. I can't stand being keyed up all the time, so I let my cane find the objects while I listen to the birds sing." The man in the group confirmed what the women had said and emphasized the fact that noise disrupts the acuteness of the sense and causes confusion. Snow, he claimed, even more than noise, thwarts the sense of obstacles. It is often called "blind man's fog." But to see this man walk to his home outside the grounds on days when there is snow and ice makes it difficult not to marvel at his ability.

The second group consisted of young men now at Perkins pursuing college courses or doing graduate work. There were twelve in this group. Two, however, had useful vision and do not need to depend upon the sense of obstacles. Of the remaining ten, three had light perception, while the others were totally blind. One



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was born blind, while the others lost their sight at different ages up to seventeen years. The average of this age was eight. This group included our keenest boys, all of them aware of objects to a high degree. All go about independently; only one carries a cane and then only if he is going alone to a strange part of the city.

## V

How THEY are aware of obstacles was a question that led to a very ardent discussion. All agreed that hearing and facial perception are the important factors, but seven maintained that hearing is primary, while the other three stood out for facial perception. The former group, however, admitted the feeling of the pressure of air on the face, and all placed the sensation from temple to temple over the eyes. To some the sensation is like a shadow passing over the face. One young man maintained that the feeling is similar to that which one receives upon wetting a finger and holding it up to determine the direction of the wind. All are aware of obstacles at the side while passing them as well as objects directly ahead. All claim that they can sense objects better at night than during the day, probably because it is more quiet. The young men agreed with the older people that noise hinders the ability to sense objects.

In the discussion we took up the question of how keen this sense could be. They all agreed that a lamppost or tree should be sensed at ten feet and a parked car at twenty. The common opinion that the object must be at the level of the head was not sustained. In a city street the air seems more dense and flows along with the street. Some are able to sense curbstones, but, curiously, those having this acuity are aware of the distant curb first. They cannot sense the drop of the first curb but do pick up the rise of that across the street. Aware of this, they watch for the near curb. They feel this is fortunate because it is better to know of the curb ahead, while crossing the street, than to place definitely the near curb, while in the comparative security of the sidewalk.

A point on which all agreed is that to utilize this sense one has to be alert and attentive to every sensation. One boy said it was necessary to be "conscious" every minute. This led to a discussion of whether or not the sense of obstacles could be trained and developed, as we try to strengthen the other senses for compensation. There were many ideas on this subject. One young man would build mazes and turn the newly blind loose in them. Others said that the large square posts that we have at the entrance of the closes and the cottages are helpful but doubted whether the training is worth the bumps received. Another believed in the old story of teaching swimming by throwing the pupil off the dock. He would take those inclined to sit around, put them in the beach wagon, drop them off downtown, and tell them to find their way home.

Cruel as these suggestions may sound, there is a fundamental truth in them. All the boys maintained that the sense of obstacles is but the by-product of a determination to be independent and not let the loss of sight wreck one's life. If a blinded person sits at home he will never acquire a sense of obstacles or develop what is popularly called the "sixth sense." This depends entirely upon each person's persistence. As one young man expressed it, "a sense of obstacles develops in inverse ratio to the amount of help that one is willing to accept." These young men feel that practically all blind persons can acquire this ability if they make up their minds to do so. The sense is, however, acquired gradually and in varying degrees, and each person soon learns when he has reached his maximum power.

There is one aspect of this development which is poignantly disheartening. When the power to be aware of obstacles begins to manifest itself with clearness, nearly everyone experiences a flash of hope that sight is coming back. Soon, however, the truth dawns, and the blinded person lives through another disappointment. Another adjustment is sometimes necessary, and, when it is made, the power is accepted and used.

The extent to which these young men use their sense of obstacles is interesting. All go about to their college studies in Boston and Cambridge without guides. The young man born blind can throw a baseball to his brother, who indicates his location by thumping a fist in the catching mitt. The one who was last to lose his sight plays golf. Like a true golfer he claims only to play "at" it, but he does nine holes in about eighty, which he says gives him a lot of exercise. His chief difficulty, he com-



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plains, is that he cannot follow the golfer's first rule: Keep your eye on the ball.

## VI

It would seem from these observations that there are certain points definitely established in the realm of the "sixth sense." It is generally conceded that muscular memory is easily acquired and constitutes an important factor in the development of the extra sense; that compensation through the substitution of other senses does exist, although there is a prevailing fallacy regarding the way compensation is gained; and that a sense of objects as such may be acquired in proportion to the desire of the blinded person for independence and the alertness leading to receptivity. We know also that snow disrupts the working of this sense and that noise makes it very difficult.

Whether or not all blind persons can be trained in this sense is doubtful, although, as in all forms of human knowledge, there is probably more that we can learn about this special ability. Scientists are anxious to carry on more experiments under definite control, but, as one of our boys stated, "There is little practical promise in such experiments because we do not live in a controlled world."

## VII

Scientists, especially the psychologists, have not been unmindful of the problem created by this unique power possessed by the blind and have offered many explanations. Diderot seems to have been first to call the attention of the scientific world to the superior sensory capacities of the blind. In 1749 he wrote:

> The blind man of Puisaux judges his nearness to the fire by the degree of heat; of the fullness of vessels by the sound made by liquids which he pours into them; of the proximity of bodies by the *action of air on his face.* He is so sensitive to the least atmospheric change that he can distinguish between a street and a closed alley.

One of the most striking accounts showing facial vision in a very high degree is contributed by W. Hanks Levy in his *Blindness and the Blind*, published in 1872:

> Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short.

Until 1890 all observations of this power of the blind were casual and unchecked by scientific controls. In 1895 the first scientific studies of this power were begun in Germany by Dr. Theodore Heller, who claimed that a blind person approaching an object is first aware of the changes in the sound of his footsteps and then gives careful attention for sensations of pressure in his forehead. If these sensations arise, he knows that there is an obstacle in his path and turns aside.

At about the same time three psychologists in America became interested in the obstacle sense. In 1890, William James raised the question whether "one might not be conscious of the presence of objects by means of tactile sensations from the tympanic membrane of the ear." Dresslar tested this suggestion by a series of experiments in 1893, and his tests were repeated in 1904 by Robert MacDougall, who questioned the importance of audition as the essential factor for all observers; for, with his subjects, plugging the ears made practically no difference in the correctness of response, while preventing facial sensibility considerably reduced the ability. He said in conclusion:

> It thus appears that the process in question is not restricted to any one type of sensory stimulation, but may depend in different individuals, upon any one of several such sources, and in ordinary cases probably involves a combination of these.

The most recent treatise and perhaps the most exhaustive study of this problem is a publication entitled *Facial Vision or the Sense of Obstacles*, by Samuel P. Hayes. Dr. Hayes, who is professor of psychology at Mount Holyoke College and director of psychological research at Perkins Institution and the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, has been engaged in this study for eighteen years. In his paper he summarizes the present situation:

> It is possible to distinguish several distinct trends in the study of the obstacle sense. There is a persistent inclination to regard this ability as a true sense achievement, the heightened response of some yet undiscovered sense organ under the guidance of selective attention. Popular psychology locates this "sixth sense" in the forehead and its experimental advocates offer evidence for facial vision.
>
> It is still on the level of sensation if the ear is preferred to the skin, but with the emphasis on the interpretation of sensory cues, either from one sense realm or through a combination of several we discover the second tendency, the explanation of facial vision as a perceptive process in which the cues may be so slight that it is difficult to distinguish them. . . .



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A third trend is Dolanski's suggestion that we are not dealing with a simple sensory response to external stimulation, but with a much more complicated process. Sensory cues which may be so slight that they are subliminal (hence difficult to catch and study introspectively) arouse fear which expresses itself in an instinctive way, causing the involuntary contraction of tiny muscles under the skin. The sense of obstacles, then, is the interpretation of sensations in the skin which are aroused when we sense external cues that suggest danger and so arouse fear.

The phenomena of this third trend, commonly called the goose-flesh theory, have not come within the experience of any of our people here at Perkins.

## VIII

BEYOND the scientific studies there will always be the human factor. Despite all the explanations of the psychologists, people will continue to wonder at the stories of the mysterious power of handicapped people. I shall never cease to marvel at our seven-year-old deaf-blind boy who can unerringly tell whether it is a man or a woman who enters the room; or at our seventeen-year-old doubly handicapped boy who calls his teacher by name whenever she approaches; or at one of the small girls in the same group, who places her blocks (all the same shape) in piles according to color. One of our former deaf-blind pupils has learned to keep house most successfully and carries on her work in the kitchen in an orderly way, but if she comes down to that room when it is very cold she loses all sense of direction and cannot do her work or get about. Perhaps an explanation of such incidents may some day be found which will be logical. Logical in the fashion of our deaf-blind seven-year-old, who, on first encountering a dog, placed his hand on the animal's mouth in the approved fashion for receiving speech and said to it, "Talk, talk!" Why shouldn't he expect a dog to talk when day after day he is drilled in speech development?

Memory is another function in which our pupils seem to show superior skill. They can memorize in an astonishing way, and some with low mental ability seem to surpass the brighter pupils. This superiority recently put us in an embarrassing situation. We had given a boy a mental test and found him of such low rating that we discharged him as uneducable. At the State training school to which he was sent he was again tested, but this time he gave a magnificent account of himself — for he had remembered all the tests! Another interesting field of inquiry is the extent to which those who have lost their sight late in life can build visual images from memory. We have a boy who claims that he can sit at the piano in the living room of his home and visualize the contents of that room and his family sitting in it as clearly as when he saw it as a child. When he can lose himself in his music this boy can "see" that room and the people in it.

## IX

OVER AND ABOVE all anecdotes and incidents is the fact that many handicapped people reveal a unique and interesting power. How may this power be trained and developed? Can it be imparted to others? From our experience it would seem that the most hopeful avenue is to make those who have lost their sight *want* to "see." This is not accomplished by stimulating the senses — the recognized five and the possible sixth — but by inspiring a determination to be above physical sight. The assurance that those without sight can achieve and that there are fields of endeavor in which the blind can give leadership must be created.

In achieving values of spiritual worth and seeing that which eyes cannot behold, there will be for the blind moments of mental darkness which transcend physical darkness. In such times I wish our people could hear Sir Arthur Eddington:

> When from the human heart the cry goes up, "What is it all about?" it is no true answer to look only at that part of experience which comes through certain sensory organs . . . but rather it is about a spirit in which truth has its shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfillment in its response to beauty and right.

It is this response to truth, beauty, and right that we want our youth to have; and to obtain it the condition of the sensory organs is relatively unimportant.

The will to achieve, however, is all-important, and perhaps we are making our best contribution to the attainment of a "sixth sense" if we can call into power the spirit which enabled John Milton, when his eyes "took holiday," to write:

*And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.*
*So much the rather thou Celestial light*
*Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers*
*Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence*
*Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell*
*Of things invisible to mortal sight.*



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# Pillars of Government

***Robert M. La Follette, Jr.***

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***by* OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

Robert M. La Follette, Jr. is the son of his famous father. Now that is a great asset for a man, but it can be a great handicap — even an extinguisher of individuality in the offspring. Witness many a son who has been so overshadowed and dominated by the more powerful personality of his father as to amount to nothing or to be a mere echo of his sire. What would have happened to the younger Bob La Follette had his father lived 10 years longer is an interesting speculation. But the fact is that, when his father died, he was 30 years old. Because of ill health he had neither graduated from high school nor attended college. The only time the elder La Follette, most conscientious of public officials, neglected his senatorial duties was when for nearly a year he sat by the bedside of his namesake in constant fear of the boy's death.

They were inseparable and entirely devoted. The son became his father's secretary, not because of the usual Congressional desire to get a relative on a government payroll but because no senator could have had a more loyal or devoted or sympathetic secretary to run his office for him. So that was the schooling of Robert La Follette, Jr. He saw his father acclaimed, admired, the hero of the plain people of his State. He saw him despised, hated, execrated, denounced as a traitor, hanged in effigy — not once but many times. He saw most of his father's associates, who had been his warm friends, leave the floor of the Senate when the Senator from Wisconsin took his seat or rose to speak — even men who had privately confessed that they stood with La Follette, *père*, in his opposition to our entering the World War, but dared not say so. The son 7 years later beheld his father spontaneously nominated for the highest office in the land, saw him receive nearly 5,000,000 votes in a campaign run without adequate money, organization, publicity, or party — an amazing tribute to the personality of a man to whom statues of gratitude are already being erected. What better schooling could there have been for La Follette's sons and daughters than to learn by actual experience how easily swayed are the people, how fickle the politicians, how insincere the bulk of our political life, and how certain the final triumph of a steadfast character held true at any cost to its ideals and principles?

Valuable as the training was, it hardly counted when, his mother declining the office, a grateful State chose the elder son to succeed his father. How could he fill his father's place? How could he even invite the inevitable comparison by taking the senatorship? How could he acquire the knowledge and authority to enable him to stand on his own feet, to be judged on his own merits and achievements and not merely as the son of his parent? That was the tremendous problem that confronted him. He had to throw off the inevitable inferiority complex of the son who adored his father. He had to avoid seeming to be aggressive and forward — at least until he had won the respect of his colleagues. He had to learn to form his own judgments — where he had largely accepted those of his father. He was compelled to reinforce a knowledge that had plenty of holes in it, acquired not out of books or with a sound scholarly background but from the lips of a single, though a notably wise and devoted, professor. It was enough to daunt the stoutest heart to think of facing those 95 older and long-experienced colleagues in America's greatest debating society, under the eyes of a nation's press.

Today it can be written that the second La Follette has succeeded in avoiding all the obvious pitfalls and that he has achieved his



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major objectives. He *does* stand on his own feet. He *has* won the respect and regard of his colleagues. He has made a name for himself as a thoughtful, earnest, absolutely sincere legislator, who is always worth listening to, who is steadily growing in power and usefulness. There are several senators who, when they rise to their feet, empty the chamber. One senator, William E. Borah, inevitably crowds it. But La Follette, Jr., draws people into it. He showed great wisdom, rare in so young a head, in refusing to speak at all for the larger part of the first year of his occupancy of his father's seat. He did not wish, he told his friends, to get the reputation of being a "dinner bell," by speaking constantly, and he did not wish to speak at all until he had something worth while to say. The result was that, when he spoke the first time, the Senate turned out to hear him and greeted him warmly.

### The La Follettes Set a New Course

This young senator — he still looks extraordinarily youthful, although he is already serving his third term of 6 years and is no longer the "baby" of the Senate — is not a natural-born orator. He has not inherited all the power of his father to hold and sway audiences and, fortunately, he has not inherited his parent's proclivity to 5- and even 6-hour speeches. But he is, by long practice in and out of the Senate, getting more and more control over his audiences and is swaying them with greater and greater ease. This is where his obvious sincerity, like that of his father, so steadily counts. You cannot hear him and fail to believe that he means every word he says. You may fundamentally disagree with him but you cannot withhold your respect. Even the Wisconsin big-business opponents of Young Bob admit this. Two of them said to me recently that all the businessmen like to go to Bob to obtain things or to get consideration in Washington because they have found him extremely courteous and obliging, whether they were his outspoken opponents or not, and because he is businesslike and efficient and obtains what he seeks from the government departments. They like Bob better than his brother, Philip, who is an abler and more adroit campaigner, but is accused, rightly or wrongly, by his critics of being more the politician, with a politician's instability so far as loyalties are concerned. Philip brings to his spellbinding abilities a more youthful and engaging personality. Bob "carries more guns," perhaps thinks more deeply; together the brothers make a most harmonious team, supplementing each other, seeing eye to eye, each as eager for the other's success as for his own.

That both La Follettes are in an extremely ticklish situation is obvious. They inherited an anomalous political condition, under which they remained in the Republican Party although they were, like their father, utterly opposed to its chief policies or trends and really did not believe in the Party at all. At the national conventions they dissented, like their father before them, and, like him, they had to listen to demands, not unjustified, that since they were renegade Republicans they should get out of the Party and go their own way. At home in Wisconsin they were faced by a bitter and well-financed opposition of the great industrialists within the Republican Party and by a Democratic Party which, if still weak and under poor leadership, has nonetheless profited by the Roosevelt revival of the Party's fortunes. Phil was defeated for re-election to the governorship in 1932. He came back triumphantly in 1934, thanks largely to the complete support he gave Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal.

It was in that year, 1934, that the brothers made the final, overdue break with Republicanism. They seceded and raised the banner of a third, the Progressive, party. It was an extraordinary tribute to their power and ability and the trust in them of the bulk of the Republican voters that their new party carried the State. Not without playing politics, of course. Their father used offices and office-broking to advance the cause. They are extremely skillful in building a machine and holding together dissimilar elements. So the die is cast. What their father never ventured to risk the sons have now done — they are under their own flag. This year they are squarely behind President Roosevelt. Not because they believe in all that he does. They know how he is letting down liberalism and the liberals by his compromises, by his vacillating policies, by his superficial economic thinking, by his inefficient administration, by the Farley brand of politics. They hate his big-navy and big-army policies, yet confine themselves so far to mild



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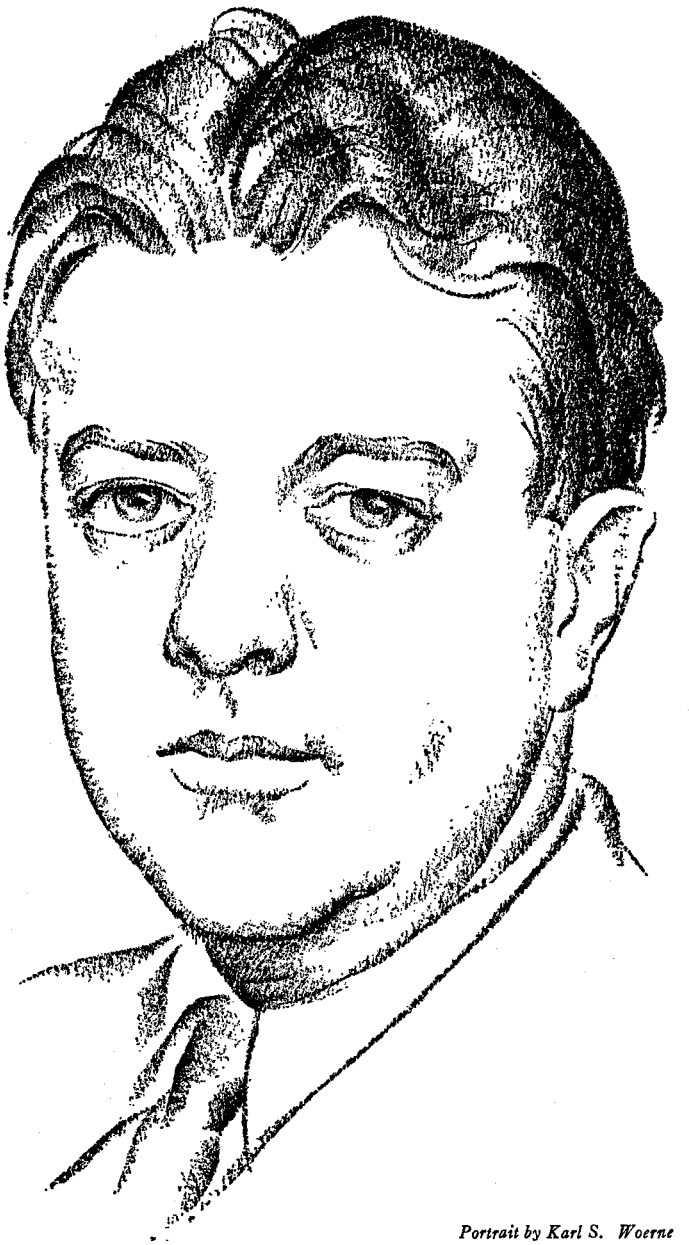
protests. They are behind him — *this* year.

Had the brothers decided upon a national third-party movement this year, as their father so reluctantly did in 1924, I do not doubt a beginning would have been made. Or, to put it the other way, no third-party movement was possible this year after Phil and Bob decided against it. Like so many other reformers — and reactionaries — they are of the opinion that such a movement will come in 1940. By that time it is hoped that the rapidly growing number of revolting, dissenting liberal and radical groups in the several States will be ready to coalesce; that the rising revolt of youth and the new stirring in the labor movement under the leadership of John Lewis will make possible a genuine farmer-labor party throughout the Union — to say nothing of the effect of economic ills they fear Franklin Roosevelt will not cure. There are plenty of indications today that this will come to pass. Yet a certain skepticism remains. Will the Republican Party really break up after another bad defeat, as many of the Washington correspondents now believe? Will labor have a change of heart and "go" political (as Lewis' industrial group has already), despite the continuing efforts of the American Federation of Labor leadership to make that impossible? Will not the old inertia that has headed off so many independent movements, on the ground that we had better wait 4 years more, again control in 1940? Will there really be an outstanding leader to blaze the way and challenge the public interest and imagination? These are the questions that must be answered.



*Portrait by Karl S. Woerne*

***Senator La Follette***

In their answering, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., ought to play a great and perhaps deciding role. He will then be 45 years of age, just the time to essay a national leadership. His self-made reputation will be clearly established. If no other leader presents himself meanwhile, it would seem that the opportunity should be Young Bob's. None of the other progressive senators will have a State so clearly behind him (Norris is out of consideration because of his age). None of the others seems quite as available, though some think of Gerald Nye. It may be that an unexpected leader will come out of the ranks of labor or from some other direction, but, so far as the Washington of today is concerned, the finger of fate seems to many to point to Bob. Youth plus long political experience; a strategic State behind him; an honorable name; a sound reputation; and freedom from the charge of being a wild-eyed radical or a hidebound conservative — these are assets not to be overlooked.

### Can Young Bob Make the Grade?

Will they suffice? It will first be noted that Bob cannot fire throngs with enthusiasm for himself and the cause. He is no Bryan and



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no Huey Long and no Theodore Roosevelt, so far as raising up passionate adherents is concerned. You cannot create those unless you have some passion within yourself, sincere or insincere, for the things you advocate and unless you can voice it. Bob La Follette lacks passionate expression of his own feelings. Those feelings lie deep within him; they are earnestly and sincerely held, and they take deep hold upon his emotions — but they do not find an emotional expression. Perhaps this again carries us back to his relationship to his father; to his repressing of youthful or fiery sentiments lest they be not well enough based or balanced in the view of the elder statesmen in the Senate. Whatever the explanation, that is the fact. He burns within. He feels keenly the wrongs of the oppressed groups and minorities. You cannot go to him for sympathy for starved miners or frantic share croppers or half-famished unemployed or the victims of the hideous class injustice which rules in so many of our American courts and come away empty-handed. He is the son of his mother as well as of his father, and her heart, too, was ever attuned to compassion, ever responsive to the plight of the underprivileged in our so gravely unequal society.

Again, that rarely difficult Wisconsin situation has forced upon Bob an amount of cautiousness which is not characteristic of militant reformers who do not watch their step, so that to the outside observer it does not seem that he has burned all his bridges behind him. Everybody knows how liberal and progressive he is; there are those who desire proof that, when the issue is right, he will be ready to stand by himself even as did his father. He has not yet identified himself totally with certain reforms and made them his own — as George W. Norris fought for Boulder Dam and the abolition of the lame-duck session and the single legislative chamber in Nebraska. It is true, however, that, as will be shown later, from the very start of the depression he, together with Senators Costigan of Colorado and Wagner of New York, was first to recognize the extent of the calamity and to demand the wholesale spending by the government which was refused until Franklin Roosevelt succeeded Herbert Hoover in the White House. Here was vision and statesmanship, plus courage and willingness to be regarded as absurdly overshooting the mark. It is a record to be proud of, to offset a good deal of such criticism as there is of him.

But the feeling persists that, even if Bob La Follette knows the Wisconsin situation from top to bottom; even if he understands the plight of rural populations in fullest degree; even if he has long been in touch with and sympathetic to the labor groups, especially the Railway Brotherhoods, he has not yet attained complete understanding of the urban worker and his plight. In other words, the belief in certain quarters is that his national outlook needs broadening, perhaps his international views as well, before 1940 comes, if he is to rise powerfully to the opportunity which will then present itself — to someone.

Here again it is not a question of his right-mindedness. His natural inclinations are not only humanitarian. He wisely recognizes that the hope of the world rests in closer organization and co-operation, not merely to outlaw war but to deal with the increasingly grave problem of the fair distribution of raw materials and special crops in a steadily shrinking world. But he opposed American entrance into the World Court, as he has our entry into the League of Nations, from the conscientious belief that both of these steps would involve us in grave international complications that might drive us to war. This Senator La Follette has been abroad, but only for fleeting trips, which is more than can be said of Senator Borah and other senators. Yet a profounder knowledge of the European situation would be of great help to Bob in the battles that lie before him.

Again, like his father, Bob has never recognized the tremendous influence the protective-tariff system has had upon our national life, our national economy, and our political morality. He does not realize that it has corroded our political standards in the nation and in the States and is one of the reasons why men of distinction and independence have been driven out of public life, especially from the Republican Party. I do not think that the Senator realizes that here lies the key to the enduring recovery of the farmer as well as the restoration of our industry — not by including the former in the protective circle but by taking him and all the goods and machinery that he uses out of it. This is the more remarkable because Bob understands clearly the role



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played in our national economy by monopoly and special privilege (except the special tariff privilege), and he has wisely turned to producer and consumer co-operation as one of the ways to greater freedom for our citizens and to a really square deal. In matters of taxation he has seen more clearly, demanding heavier income, inheritance, and gift taxes and the lowering of exemptions so as to bring a much larger percentage of the citizenship into the income-tax class. He has also called for the abolition of tax-exempt securities but realizes that their evil effects are "grossly exaggerated."

### He Led the Way

But it is to his record on the question of work-relief measures that we must turn to gauge to the full the statesmanship of which Robert La Follette is capable. It is an amazing showing. In 1928, a year and a half before the crash, he introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the possibility of collecting and interpreting statistics on unemployment; of the organization and extension of public employment agencies, unemployment insurance, and the planning of a public-works program for the stabilization of employment. He said that 15 times in the last 110 years there had been serious depressions and the time had come when Congress must act. Had it done so, the government would have been in a splendid position in which to deal with what actually took place. When the crash came, Bob acted at once, opposing the refunding of $160,000,000 of income taxes in December, 1929, on the correct ground that the government would need every cent of it for the relief of the unemployed. A year later he was again declaring:

> The relief of human suffering in this emergency should take precedence over the consideration of the interests of the wealthy income tax payers.

By February 10, 1931, he was demanding federal aid for the States and introduced the first bill so to provide. The resultant La Follette–Costigan relief bill was defeated on February 16, 1932, because, incredible as it now seems, it called for federal grants to States of the beggarly sum of $375,000,000. Another bill sponsored by these 2 men and Senator Wagner called for $500,000,000. This bill became the basis of the federal emergency relief act that passed the Senate May 9, 1933. His public-works record is similarly remarkable; he horrified everybody by introducing a bill on December 22, 1931, to appropriate $5,500,000,000 for a public-works program. An outraged Senate voted it down by 56 to 12. Less than 2 years later he voted for the national industrial recovery bill, which appropriated $3,300,000,000 for public works and was carried by an overwhelming vote. Side by side with these constructive measures, he has steadfastly insisted that the wealth of the nation must be redistributed to bring about an economic revival and, thereafter, economic safety. Surely the senior Senator from Wisconsin could almost rest his case on that record.

Yet the writer, as one of his most loyal friends, is among those who hope some day to see this fine figure in our American public life taking an extreme stand and fighting for it to the bitter end in a dramatic and compelling manner. Take the question of the rapid military and naval arming of the United States now in progress. Bob La Follette is, of course, opposed to it. Yet the huge army and navy appropriation bills sometimes slip through without a recorded Senate vote, without a determined protest by the men who are known to oppose the whole sickening business, which has just added $1,000,000,000 a year to our fixed budgetary charges. There lies one opportunity for a future national leader, to whom, I venture to assert, the people would rise if he told them the facts and fought, bled, filibustered, and died in the effort to defeat this process — which seems nothing less than the spearhead of fascism in our life. But, if here the spirit is willing while the flesh is weak, there are other causes on which to make a final stand and a compelling appeal to the nation.

Robert La Follette, Jr., holds many cards: youth, a winning and attractive personality, capacity, courage, a record unblemished by a single major error, a noble inheritance, a growing power for clear and compelling presentation of a subject, a greater and better grasp of issues. The vista of our political life bids fair soon to offer extraordinary opportunities for its reorganization and reorientation, with corresponding chances for those who see the need and grasp the moment to lead. How far will Robert M. La Follette, Jr., go? The answer today lies with him and no one else.



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# Night of Waiting

***A Short Story***

*Drawings by Donald McKay*

***by* MARJORIE H. LYON**

"GOOD MORNING," they said to him, or, "Good evening." And some of them had learned, in the three years he worked there, that his name was Mike. More than that they did not know or care to. He was the elevator boy. They would have been abashed to find how much he knew of them. To the world they turned taut, untelling faces, but in his elevator they dropped their blankness and stood naked and unashamed. The old showed their loneliness; the young their heartbreak. Into his elevator husbands and wives brought their worries, their quarrels, their lies, and their love. In his elevator daughters nagged their mothers, fathers domineered their sons. There was nothing about the tenants he didn't know.

There was a time, during the first year, when he longed to leave this old-fashioned apartment house for a livelier building. Staggering up and down in his inefficient elevator he dreamed of a day when he might soar gloriously to a height of sixty stories. This building had but six.

That was before SHE moved in. He never admitted, even to himself, that SHE was the reason for his staying.

"For cryin' in the alley, anyone'd think you was in love with one of them skirts you toot up and down," his brother was always saying. His brother wanted him to be a hack driver.

"Yeah. I love 'em just like you love a fare that hands you a nickel tip."

He had read stories of men who stood in distant adoration of the women they loved, waited on windy street corners to see them drive by in their carriages, or sat in the pits of theaters to gaze up at them in their boxes. These stories he had thrust away with a snort of disgust and disbelief. And in his own life, since Lois Lawrence had come to live in the building, he had come and gone from many girls. Every night on alternate weeks he strode down Seventh Avenue, with a girl, to a girl, from a girl. He ate with them at soda fountains; he danced with them in sweltering halls; he sat with them in the park; and sometimes he slept with them. Through them all he thought of her only as one thinks of a cool, country night when crushed in the heat and hurry of the subway.

He remembered the day she moved in. Right away he liked her, the way her smile came from further than her face, friendly like, the way she said good morning, as though he were somebody and not just part of the elevator. She came from far off. He saw wide fields stretching to the sky — the West somewhere. She ought to go back. Her hair was the color of ripe wheat, he thought, who had never seen wheat outside a loaf of bread, and she drew it back chastely from a calm forehead. The color of her cheeks came deeply, evenly from underneath the skin.

That was two years ago. Now the smoothness of her hair was spoiled by a permanent. Her cheeks were still colorful, but the color lay on the outside and often in the wrong place. But she herself had not changed. Men called for her and took her away for the evening, but always they brought her back and never did they get beyond the apartment door to say good night. He thought of her room as forever clean, her bed uncrumpled. Hard and knowing he was about the others, without faith and without belief. He had seen too much — cheating husbands, lying wives, illicit love. But she was different.

Days at the apartment house were filled with dogs, delivery boys, negro maids, and children. Bicycles, tricycles, and baby carriages continually clogged the elevator. Days were filled, too, with the comings and goings of sleepy old men, who sat in the park, and fretful, shopping women. Especially women. Mascara and manicures. Facials and fingernail polish. Corsets and cold cream. Their talk swirled around him.

"My dear, the sweetest nightgown for twelve ninety-five! Here — let me show you." There would be the snap of breaking string, the swish of tissue paper.

"Lovely. Simply lovely!"

Mike, seeming modestly unaware, would look at the intimate garment in one of the three mirrors that lined his car. Holy Jees! He hadn't paid more than that for his last suit, three pieces of sturdy serge.

## II

OLD JOHN brought his car to the basement and came stiffly toward the broom closet. Old John had rheumatism at all times, but on wet days he had it fearfully. It ached through his body to his face, pulling it in awful pain.

"What's new?" Mike asked.

"It's going to rain," Old John said. "I can feel it in my bones. That's all that's new."

"Didn't Old Man Barton die yet?" He wanted Mr. Barton to die when he was running the elevator. Perhaps he would die on this shift, and one night would become significant.

"Naw. He ain't dead yet. They're still



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waitin' for him to die. They're like to drive you crazy with their waitin', his big-bellied son and the daughter with that fresh kid of hers." Each guest meant to Old John just so many more limping trips to and from his car, just so many minutes of standing on his sore feet.

"When he's dead they'll read the will, then go home and forget about him. That's all they're waitin' for." Down here in the basement they stripped the tenants to an undignified nakedness, he and Old John and the janitor. It was only upstairs that they were sacred. But of one he never spoke. She lived in his mind untouched and untalked of.

"Well, take care of yourself, John. I'm off to the races." With a slowness little reminiscent of races, he brought his car to the first floor and entered his world of work — work that was mostly waiting. He straightened the rubber mat in front of the lobby door. He went to the deal table under the stairs to see what John had left there to read. No evening paper. A stale magazine. He slithered it across the table in disgust, having first ascertained that he had read it.

The buzzer sounded. That would be Miss Treadle on Six wanting to come down for her dinner. In his call box the top arrow pointed down, affirming his complete and accurate knowledge of the habits of the tenants. He went up, impatient of his staggering, whining car and the inefficient doors that never, for all the oiling they got, slid away smoothly. Miss Treadle shuffled into the car, sniffed into her handkerchief, "Good evening," she said from far off. Gently he carried her down.

The first day he worked there she had peered into his face: "Aren't you too young to be operating an elevator? Are you sure you know how?"

"Sure, Ma'am. All you gotta do is push a lever."

But after three years she was still not sure.

He jockeyed his elevator into position, its floor precisely on a level with the floor of the lobby. She was forever finding fault. Sometimes she complained to Mr. Einstein. "The old dame don't have nothin' better to think about." Mike forgave her fussiness. She was a lonely old woman, living alone, going to bed at eight because the day was too long, getting up at six to shorten the night.

Steps struck briskly on the cement of the court. That would be Miss Barnes, wife of Mr. Lederer and mother of the two little Lederers. "Don't bother. I can make it faster on foot." She sprang up the stairs two at a time. Miss Barnes was a successful attorney. She was always rushing, racing, running, trying to stretch the day to hold clients, husband, children, friends, relatives. She was always harassed and hurried and happy. "How in the world do you manage to keep it up?" The other women pitied her because she lacked their leisure, leisure they crowded with treatments and teas and bridge parties.

Mr. Cohen came in bulging with books and papers and packages. The books were from the public library. The packages were from the corner drugstore, sandwiches for his Saturday night dinner. Mr. Cohen was a salesman on commission. He wanted to be a writer. Until eleven his typewriter ticked through the halls of the third floor. Later than that ticking and all other noises were forbidden, but his light threw a patch of brightness among the shadows of the court until morning. Mike watched and wondered what he wrote about and why he worked so hard. Whatever he wrote always came bouncing back in the morning mail, and when Mike handed him the bulging envelopes he would cram them into his inside pocket with scarcely a look, as though he hated the very sight of them.

Other tenants stared disconcertedly at Mr. Cohen when they found him in the elevator. Frequently he forgot to shave, to change his shirt, to shine his shoes. Besides, his dark face was so obviously Jewish. Almost visibly they shuddered away from it. "It's a shame. It really is a shame. I don't know what the building's coming to. Yes, I know. We were saying just the other day —" With the depression, roomers had seeped in; one in this apartment, two in that, one in the apartment above. With prosperity, it was hoped they would seep out again, restoring the building to its former prestige.

Mike had none of this shrinking horror for roomers. In the basement he mimicked the squeamishness of the tenants. "Deah, deah. Frightful, really!" He made a monocle of his thumb and forefinger and swept away imaginary skirts. They made him sick, the snobs. SHE was a roomer.

### III

PEOPLE came to pause briefly in his elevator, then went their ways; to dinner, to the movies, away from their families to their friends, away from their friends to their families. He took strangers up to the fourth floor, where the Parsons were giving a dinner party. Women's bare backs and men's white fronts would glimmer in the candlelight. On the third floor Mr. Cohen would be sitting on his bed, cramming in a sandwich. Over him, on a cord strung from the curtain rod to the hot-water pipe, his socks might be dripping.

Mike took Miss Treadle back to her apartment, the look of her lonely dinner clinging coldly about her. He brought Mr. and Mrs. Clayton down to a taxi and the theater. Mrs. Clayton sparkled. She had married Mr. Clayton so that she might sparkle. She was young and soft and southern. She walked to the elevator with her husband each morning and kissed him patiently and without passion while Mike watched. She would weary of her Oriental rugs and her Egyptian cigarettes. Already, after one year, she had a pert-nosed, pink-eyed poodle which she adored in a combination of southern drawl and baby talk. Next year she would have a man, like Mrs. Merle on Five.

"But, Darling, you know I love you." Mrs. Merle would lay a cool and cared-for hand on his fat face. Her husband would be pacified and enter again his paradise for fools. Yeah, she loves you just like I do. What do you think she does when you're stuck down there in Washington? Mike could tell Mr. Merle that his apartment wasn't the only one where his wife hung her negligees. But Mike was as safely silent about such things as his elevator. Though they were young and their husbands weren't, he wasted no sorrow on Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Merle. They had not met and married their men in the dark.

A man strolled into the foyer and stood there shedding cigar ashes. "Yes, Sir?"

"The house phone?"

"There." Damned if he'd say sir to a guy who couldn't say please. The man smelled expensive; scented shaving soap, success, and satisfaction. Mike had seen him before and decided not to like him. He tried to remember. ("Apartment forty-three?") Yeah, that was it. He was the new one, the successor to the one with mild, glassed-in eyes. This one came less often and with more assurance. ("Lois Lawrence?" The name was a song no matter who said it.)

In the elevator she was too eager with this new one, too strained and vivid, like a flower stretching sunward. No flower could have the undivided sun.

Mike brought Mr. and Mrs. Olbert and the twelve-year-old Olbert down from Five. "Come now, we'll go out and buy you a nice, shiny pair of rubbers." They talked to him as though he were three because that's the age he really was and would always be in spite of his older body. He stared at them with his lovely, empty eyes. His mouth gaped open. They were forever watching him, forever hoping he would suddenly come



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to mental life. Only at night did they take him out. They were ashamed of him and ashamed of being ashamed.

Three rang twice. Keep your shirt on, Sweetheart. I ain't got a skyrocket here. Miss Hobson was waiting, and the daughter of the Schroeders. The daughter swirled past him into the car and became absorbed in admiration of her perfect image. Miss Hobson looked in the mirror too and sighed with dreary despair. She had been eighteen and lovely to look at herself not so long ago. Now she had a moustache.

The Gleasons came in, Mr. Gleason striding, Mrs. Gleason trotting. "Must you go out again tonight?"

"Sorry, Dear; business. I'll try to

break away early. Now you go up and have a nice restful evening." He took her to the elevator, seemed almost to tuck her in. Mike slammed the doors on his too hurried, too buoyant departure and took his wife to her night of waiting. When they lived over a store in Jamaica he hadn't gone out every night on business.

"Business," Mike muttered, "me neck."

## IV

THE MIDDLE evening grew idle except for the arrival of Mr. Manning. Mike helped with trunks and suitcases all flaunting foreign labels. Konstanz and Cologne. Munich and Mainz. Brussels and Berne. Mike thought of far places, of winding streets, of stormy seas and ships that dock at night. "It's swell to see you back, Mr. Manning," he said.

"It's good to be back."

He waited for Mr. Manning to speak of the splendor of strange lands, of crowned heads and castles, of vineyards and mountains and sun-swept shores. Mr. Manning said nothing more. Mike got a quarter and a good look at the Manning apartment.

He went into the court. Life and light flowed richly down — the sounds of radios, of ticking typewriters, of laughter loud and low; and muffled, murmuring voices. He heard the yearning, searching music of a violin stretching above the other sounds. The son of the Gunderbergs. The son loved music, but the father loved beer. The court and the lobby and the halls echoed his noisy belief in the brewery. So the son, silent and sullen and shut into himself, was in the business, carrying on the proud name of Gunderberg. Sometimes, not often, he bent over his violin and sent out his sad, searching music.

People came back from the movies, and Mike trundled them to bed. On the way they yawned, were silent, spoke soothingly or sharply. "You must speak to Junior. . . . You must write a check. . . . You must call Marion. . . . You must. . . . You must. . . . You must. . . ." They went away taking their demands and discontents with them.

Miss Hobson came alone. "I'm afraid we'll have another rainy Sunday." Mike didn't care. He would sleep through a flood.

Mr. O'Neil came alone. "Well, who you betting on for the heavyweight?" Mike hadn't known there was going to be a heavyweight, but he didn't shock Mr. O'Neil by saying so. Mr. O'Neil assumed in all elevator boys, even Old John, a passion for prize fights and baseball.

People came back from the theater, from bridge games, from their clubs and the houses of their friends. Their talk surged around him, but he was no more a part of it than a shadow. "Three Scotch and sodas — I could understand one but I don't see the necessity. . . . It wasn't any more ermine than I am. . . . Of course I like your mother, but. . . ."

He waited away the hours from twelve until two. Then he counted his sheep and found there were three still to return. SHE was one. SHE seldom stayed so late. He went to the basement for a mop and a pail. Rolling up the rugs and mats, he wiped the tiled floor back to whiteness. Nothing but a damn scrubwoman. I hope SHE don't come now.

No one came but the doctor on his way to the Bartons. He was muttering and grumbling, and his eyes were dumb with weariness. Mr. Barton might be dying at last. Mike measured his car for a coffin. In fifteen minutes the buzzer rang on Six. Mike went with dripping hands to answer it.

"How is he?"

"Fine," the doctor answered absently. "Just fine."

"He won't die?"

"Maybe not for a week. And say," he stirred to sudden emphasis, "if you see me galloping over here again in the dead of night you'll know I'm crazy."

## V

THREE O'CLOCK. Only two windows threw brightness into the shadows of the court, the windows of the waiting women. Mrs. Schroeder's face was a white misshapen blur against the pane. She would stay fastened there until the daughter came home.

Mike thought of his cot in the basement and rejected it. There was supposed to be a time after the house had sunk to sleep that he could lock the doors and snatch at sleep himself. But his ears must be ever awake, aware of the bell and the buzzer. And the house never really slept. There was always someone stirring, someone coming, someone going. So most nights he sat under the stairway and stared out at the lobby. And some nights his mind peopled the place with the shadowy sorrows of the tenants. In the daytime and the bright, busy evening he could shrug with indifferent shoulders. It wasn't his funeral, any of it. But nights grew melancholy. The hours between dusk and the dawn were long with thinking. He would shudder and shake himself, alone there in the lobby. He would light a cigarette. You get the jitters sittin' alone so long, waitin' and thinkin'.

The daughter of the Schroeders came in. He perched his cigarette on the edge of the table and prayed that he might return to it before it burned itself out. The daughter's skirt dragged in limp dejection about her ankles as if it, too, were tired and knew the night was late. Her lipstick was smeared and splotchy. "Wait a sec'," she said. He waited while she combed her hair, shaped her mouth, smoothed her gown. He thought of his cigarette. The mother heard the rattle of the elevator and came to open the door.



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"Oh, for God's sake, Ma!" the daughter said.

He started a game of solitaire, but the aces stared and slipped by unseen. Four o'clock. SHE had never stayed so late before. But there were places that were open till four, ritzy places where you dined and danced and drank. He started to read the stale magazine and tossed it aside. He smoked some more and decided he was hungry. He thought of going to Charley's, three blocks down on the next street, and discarded the thought. Once he had answered the powerful call of Charley's, the friendly smell of frying hamburger, the companionship of the counterman. During his fifteen-minute desertion a drunk had wandered up the stairs and into Thirty-four. Mr. Einstein fumed and fussed and said he should be fired.

"They oughta lock their door, the dopes," Mike defended himself.

"Sure. But can we tell them what they oughta do? Thirty-four is a good dependable tenant." Mr. Einstein was forever haunted by the fear of vacancies. Like the houses he managed, he seemed never to sleep. He would pop in the front way at noon when you were expecting him to come in the back at night. He would emerge from the basement when you were alertly awaiting his arrival in the lobby.

So Mike went no more to Charley's. Instead, he carried candy in his pocket. But tonight it wasn't for food that he longed nor from hunger that he wished to escape. He smoked his last cigarette and went to stand on the sidewalk. Mrs. Gleason was still waiting.

A cop came walking, tapping the light posts with his stick. "Hi, there, what's up?"

"Not a damn thing."

"You said it. A deader beat I never struck. Compared to it a cemetery's a night club. Give me Broadway or Brooklyn or the Bronx. Anyways, give me a beat where there's at least a lunchroom open."

"How'd you like to have my job, from six to eight?"

"Nothin' doin'. Six to eight, huh? That's a long night."

"Sometimes it ain't a night. Sometimes it's seven years."

They smoked together; then the cop walked on, swinging his stick and humming a tune to keep himself company. Mike left the darkness for his electric-lighted world.

Mr. Gleason fumbled at the door. He walked with studied steadiness to the elevator and placed himself in the center, concentrating on his balance. Mike walked behind him down the hall to help with his keys.

"Tha's all right. Tha's all right. I'm shober, shober's a judge." He made a dignified and elaborate ceremony of taking off his shoes outside the door, all the while winking at Mike, who supported him as he swayed on one foot. "Hssh. Hssh. She's ashleep. She's shleeping."

"The hell she is," Mike muttered, regarding Mr. Gleason with grave disgust. He took his quarter and watched him grope fuzzily down the dark foyer.

## VI

MILK CARTS came clattering through the street. This morning sound the sleepless hear with despair. They have tossed and turned away the night and

must soon face the day with ragged faces and burning eyes. But in the workers of the night the sound strikes a chord of hope, a promise of the end of watching and waiting and weariness. Mike had long learned to listen for this mark of the passing of night. His remaining hours gathered together and became shorter.

Five o'clock. SHE will come back. SHE ought to be back any minute now. But his unbelieving thoughts strayed to cold, square hotel rooms, stagnant and stale, and dusty red drapes drawn against the day. He thought of underwear soiled and scattered. He thought of crumpled beds. He thought of Mrs. Merle and Mr. Gleason. She had become no better than they.

Paper boys walked by with heavy, unboyish tread. Their backs were bent to the burden of their burlap bags. Their shoulders stooped under the straining straps. They came through the building. One tossed him a paper, majestically waving away his money. "Naw, you can have it. It's one of the extras."

"Take it, you dope. It's good for a slab of pie."

From the cellar came the rattle of ash cans, the scrape of a shovel across cement. The janitor was up in the gray morning and about his business of providing warmth and steaming baths for the tenants. Mike locked the outside doors and went down, seeking the comfort of companionship.

"I'm goin' to have this fire so blazing hot they'll all think they come to their final restin' place. Yesterday mornin' that old dame Treadle taps on the pipes there ain't enough heat. Hell itself couldn't warm her blood."

"Maybe today somebody'll tap on the pipes there's too much heat."

"Well, there's no pleasin' 'em. It takes all kinds of animals to make a zoo."

Mike went again to his lobby. The street had come to scant life. Somber, black women and a small minority of men in derby hats were carrying their troubled souls to church.

Above him and around him the residents were stirring, yawning, remembering it was Sunday, and turning over for a second sleep. Mike went to rescue Miss Treadle from another night that had been too long. She was on her way to breakfast.

Mr. Einstein appeared from the basement. Mike saw him without surprise.

"Well, how they goin', Mike?"

"They ain't. I'm quittin'."

"What'd you do, insult one of the tenants?" Mr. Einstein's eyes screwed up with suspicion.

"No. They insulted me."

"Now, ain't that too bad." His voice was strong with hearty relief. "You shouldn't kid me. I might take you serious."

"I'm not kiddin' you. I'm quittin', just like I said."

"What're you goin' to do?"

"Hack."

"Hack! You must be crazy. Say, do you know there's plenty of people'd give their pants to have your job."

"All right. Let 'em have it."

He descended to the basement where Old John was groaning his way into his uniform. The rheumatism was worse. It would rain before night.

"What's new?" Old John asked.

"Nothin's new. Old Man Barton didn't die. Mr. Manning came home from Europe. Mr. Gleason came home drunk, and the dame that rooms in Forty-three didn't come home at all. Nothin's new."



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# A Page for Poets

**Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach**
***President, Poetry Society of America***

### New Poetry Books

Stranger's Garment, by Gilbert Maxwell (Dodd, Mead, $2.00).

Intelligence and maturity always hold emotion in safe control in these competent sonnets and lyrics.

Gongs of Earth, by John Lee Higgins (Humphries, $2.00).

These verses touch the mysteries with a light wand so that they yield not discord but music.

Fightery Dick and Other Poems, by Derrick Norman Lehmer (Macmillan, $2.00).

This is a brave book for all who enjoy ballads and sturdy narratives in verse.

The Titanic, by E. J. Pratt (Macmillan of Canada, $1.50).

The *Titanic* was worthy of a poem, and here is the life history of that historic ship portrayed in vivid and swiftly moving couplets.

Vigils, by Siegfried Sassoon (Viking, $1.50).

Serenely serious, at the same time philosophical and musical.

Poems, 1935, by F. L. Lucas (Macmillan, $1.75).

"An affirmation of faith that the older forms are not yet exhausted and dead." Authentic: in the century stream of good British verse.

Manhattan Serenade, by Jane Chalmers (Fortuny, $1.00).

This is a first book for the publisher as well as the author, and they step out with quality, sparkle, humor, hearty sophistication of a high order. Typical New Yorkers of all sorts are etched with the novel word, the mordant phrase.

Polonaise Militaire, by Jewell Miller (Putnam, $2.00).

This is a poem cast in drama, of Chopin and his circle. It is unconscious poetry in narrative form, sweeping and surging on waves of character revelation.

Fear Is the Thorn, by Rachel Field (Macmillan, $1.35).

Fragile, compact, citified, but vibrant and irresistible.

### To the Left

Arms Angels Epitaphs and Bones, by William Davey (Writers' Editions, $2.00).

This poet is influenced by both the imagists and poets who, like e e cummings, are not unaware of how the print will look on the page. He seems most himself when using a free verse dominated by the dactyl and trochee (falling cadences) and a liberal use of spondees and four-syllable feet. He is fond of coining such words as *shivershimmering* and *fluidfeeling*. He has more interest in rhythmic variety than the other poets in this group and much less interest in his message, being content to catch the nuances of evening or of autumn sorrow.

Before the Brave, by Kenneth Patchen (Random House, $2.00).

Mr. Patchen is conscious that he is a prerevolutionary proletariat poet. Impatient for revolution, he sees it will come too late for his own generation. His method is opposite to that of the imagists. This is didactic poetry, unadorned, though — like most of the modern poets — his thought is subtle. He uses free verse.

Theory of Flight, by Muriel Rukeyser (Yale, $2.00).

Many of these poems are in a blank verse which uses the three or four successive unstressed syllables typical of sprung meter. (For "sprung meter" see the foreword to the poems of Gerald Manley Hopkins.) One of our youngest women revolutionary poets, she is so much a child of her age that she has not had to choose between an ivory tower and a soapbox. She reacts with equal sincerity to the strike and the eternal themes.

Thirty-Six Poems, by Robert Penn Warren (Alcestis, $7.50).

From 1922 to 1925, at Nashville, Tennessee, *The Fugitive* published the work of several young men who were turning their faces away from the literary fashions of that period and from the increasing urbanization and mechanization of society, to submit themselves to a sterner discipline in the principles and craftsmanship of their art and to develop the use of southern agrarian materials. Mr. Warren is one of the most distinguished of these fugitives. He uses a profusely rhymed verse, employing lines of different lengths. He is fond of bringing two stresses together. He catches the more intangible states of consciousness . . . such as the mood of a man riding on the train, returning to his boyhood home after the death of a parent. The present shifting scene mingles with memories.

Minute Particulars, by John Peale Bishop (Alcestis, $7.50).

John Peale Bishop, also, includes among his themes the social paradoxes of the South. His meters are traditional, imagery good; more than any other poet in this group he occasionally gets a touch of the glamour which the romantic poets used more lavishly.

Public Speech, by Archibald MacLeish (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00).

MacLeish uses traditional stanzas and traditional feet in untraditional combinations. Trochees and dactyls often dominate, giving a falling cadence. A trochee or dactyl will follow an iamb or anapest, bringing two stresses together, in a manner typical of neither the traditional nor the newer metrical systems. At present he seems to occupy a place between T. S. Eliot and other neosymbolists and the proletarian writers.

### Poetry Society Notes

One bright event of the past season was the Imogen Clark Memorial Prize donated by Mrs. Isabel Vallé Austen. Florida Watts (Mrs. S. R.) Smyth, "poet laureate" of Missouri, won with her poem *Drouth*. The runners-up were Valentine Mitchell, Editor of *Smoke*, Providence, Rhode Island; and Robert P. T. Coffin, this year's Pulitzer Poetry Prizeman. . . . One of our liveliest monthly meetings was the left-wing evening. Three left-wing critics made their apologies, and seven vivid young left-wing poets read their flaming work. The Roosevelt Birthplace auditorium was crowded to suffocation. One poetess fainted, and two chairs collapsed. . . . The 27th annual dinner has been moved forward from the traditional January date to the last Thursday night in March, 1937, in order that Robert Frost may stay longer in Florida and come north to be our chief speaker.



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SUMMER IS STILL

# IN THE SWIM

AT

# CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

THERE'S sun in the surf in September, and the beach at our door gives daily proof that summer is still going strong. Come, join the cabana colony there, made up of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall guests. Play and swim. Tan on the soft, white sand. Prolong a vacation frame of mind.

That will be easy indoors too. Game rooms. Concerts. Dances and varied amusement. Meals you'll remember fondly.... In short, a midsummer holiday time—at surprisingly moderate cost.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

ATLANTIC CITY



*Index*

The index to Volume 95 of The FORUM & *Century* is now ready. Copies will be sent to subscribers, *upon request only*, without charge.

*A postcard will suffice*

**FORUM & *Century***
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.


## TOASTS

PEARL S. BUCK is now living in America, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and is engaged in writing — both in fiction and in articles — about the American scene. Her next book to be published, however, will deal with China, as have her previous books. It is a biography of her father, entitled *Blind Angel: Portrait of a Soul.*

H. PARKER WILLIS is an economist specializing in banking and financial problems who has served in many advisory governmental capacities both in this country and abroad. For the past three years he has been consulting economist of the Fitch Investors' Service, in New York City.

ROBERT H. JACKSON, formerly associated with the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue, is now counsel for the Securities and Exchange Commission. In the past year he has come into increasing prominence as a responsible and influential member of the Administration.

I. S. FALK has taught public health and bacteriology at Yale and Chicago universities and was a member of President Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security. At present he is connected with the Milbank Memorial Fund and the United States Public Health Service and is especially interested in the economics of medicine. His latest book is *Security against Sickness.*

GEORGE LANSBURY'S career in the British Labor Party and as a member of Parliament has been so long and honorable that he is familiarly referred to as Old George. He has been perhaps the outstanding pacifist in Parliament for many years.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, one of America's famous liberals, will conclude his series for THE FORUM on "Pillars of Government" with an article on Senator Millard Tydings. It will appear in an early issue.

LOUIS BROWDY, after graduation from Harvard, was instructor in English for several years at the University of Pittsburgh. Going into newspaper work, he became dramatic critic of the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.* Now he is doing free-lance writing, and his work has been published in a number of periodicals.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER is now devoting nearly all his time to studying and writing about the co-operative movement.

JOHN P. MARQUAND doesn't think he's very interesting. He says he knows a little about a lot of things but is old enough to realize he has led an unconstructive and useless life. Very harsh with himself indeed.

JOHN STEPHENSON, a newspaperman, lives in Forest Hills, Long Island. He died with the old *New York World* and rose again on the third day with the *World-Telegram*, where he enjoys life to this day.

*Ad Man and Author at 22*

"Took the N. I. A. course at eighteen. Today at twenty-two am editor of Ad-vents, monthly newspaper of the Association of Advertising Men of New York and have just sold a story to Famous Detective Cases for $185. So as an ad man and author permit me to say, 'If you want to write ad copy or fiction, try N. I. A.'"

Joseph G. Csida, Jr.
3063 Williamsbridge Road
Bronx, New York, N. Y.

# How do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

## *Learn to write* by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men, whose combined newspaper experience totals more than 200 years, are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

## *A chance to test yourself*

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

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# Well, *they're* out of the way!

FEW people are callous or stupid enough to say that war is actually a good or desirable thing.

But certain people have worked out the theory that war exists to save the world from overpopulation. Charming thought, isn't it?

Let's see if the bookkeeping of the World War bears it out. In the War, it cost $25,000 to kill one man. That's the official price tag on each of those neat little white wooden crosses that bloom where poppies used to grow.

Invested at a modest 5%, $25,000 would give a return of $1250 each year. The average income, for the head of a family in the United States, certainly isn't much over $1000 a year. It's less in other countries.

So it seems the world got stuck. We paid too high a price to get rid of those 17,000,000 men, who might have been "excess population" to some, but not to the people who loved them.

Another war threatens. $25,000 will seem a bargain basement figure in comparison to the cost of blowing a decent human to hell in the coming war, and 17,000,000 dead will be only a beginning.

But gruesome, sordid, horrible figures, and deploring the monstrosity of the *last* war will not stop the *next*. The only thing that will stop it is concerted effort by all of us. Any one who passively sits by is guilty of helping make war possible. You must *act!*

***What YOU can do about it—***

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write to **World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York.**

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